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The Week

TWENTY-THREE countries have now filed representations with the State Department in regard to the pending tariff bill. Austria has protested against the rates on manufactures; Switzerland, those on watches and embroideries; Uruguay objects to the rates on frozen meats; Spain to those on agricultural products, preserves, olive oil and pimentoes; Persia, rugs and carpets; Italy, foodstuffs, tomato paste and canned tomatoes. Five hundred chambers of commerce in France have passed a resolution urging that the various European governments, who are "seriously threatened in their economic future" by the Hawley bill, "which constitutes an impassable wall for the greater part of the merchandise from Europe," should "immediately meet to consider measures to be taken for their defense." Resolutions attacking the American tariff have been introduced into the French Chamber of Deputies. An ex-cabinet minister, François Marsal, asked how President Hoover could reconcile a commercial policy "which tends to close American frontiers to European products, with the American financial policy which necessitates enormous transfers of foreign money for the settlement of interallied debts." In Italy, the Minister of National Economy, Martelli, has just told parliament that Italy will be forced to "enact counter-protectionism." The Italian economist, Virginio Gayda, calls the American tariff bill "the last turn of the screw." A boycott of American automobiles in Italy has been proposed. In England, the London Economist declares that, if the governments of Europe and the remainder of the world should follow the American example, international commerce would come to a standstill.

THESE and several other instances would indicate that the enactment of the Hawley tariff will seriously injure the international position of the United States, as well as its foreign trade. The unpopularity of the grasping landlord is proverbial. It should be to the self-interest of the United States, which has become the absentee landlord of the world, to be conciliatory toward its customers. But we are now following the opposite policy of deliberately antagonizing them. Some American officials and economists disparage the fear of tariff reprisals against the United States on the part of Europe, Canada, or Latin America. We are told that these countries are so dependent upon materials produced here that it would be suicide for them to erect an anti-American tariff wall. While, from an immediate standpoint, this argument may have some weight, it is necessarily short-sighted. No one may predict the possibilities of the European cartel movement which is already threatening to cut into American foreign trade. We should not forget that during the last ten years Europe has depended upon American industry to supply reconstruction necessities which are now coming to an end. Nor should we forget that when people become irritated they will sacrifice economic interests to redress a grievance and to maintain their self-respect.

UNFORTUNATELY, there is no lobby in Washington in favor of international good will; there is not even a lobby in favor of the American con-

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sumer or of foreign trade. Once in the throes of a tariff debate, Congress cares little about the resolutions of the International Chamber of Commerce and of the World Economic Conference in favor of lower tariffs; despite the anti-war pact, it cares little about removing the causes of international friction. Once in the throes of a tariff debate, the chief motive of the legislators is to satisfy Republican campaign contributors. It is a deplorable situation—one in which a philosophy of super-nationalism and of greedy "prosperity" has gone mad. It can be changed only after the American people overthrow the conception that government agencies may be legitimately exercised to increase the profits of vested interests. If the conservatives of this country really mean that the government "should get out of business," they ought to demand that our present tariff system be abolished.

THE DEFEAT by one vote of Senator Borah's resolution that tariff increases be confined to agricultural products will merely emphasize the extent to which the farmer is being buncoed by protection which raises the prices of what he has to buy, but not what he has to sell. Under the direction of Professor John R. Commons and other experts of the University of Wisconsin a revealing inquiry is being conducted into the effect of the tariff on the farmer—an inquiry requested by Mr. W. T. Rawleigh, a prominent manufacturer, and carried on with the coöperation of the People's Legislative Service. The new duty on sugar will cost the average farmer's family about $15 annually. If the rate on butter is raised from 12 to 14 cents a pound, the dairymen will not benefit, since the present tariff raises the price only 6 cents above the world market. The 42-cent rate on wheat does not benefit most wheat at all, and raises only the price of hard wheat, which is 26 percent of our production, to the extent of 9.8 cents. The duty on olive oil is fully effective, but it adds an expense of $6,000,000 annually to our olive oil bill in order to contribute a mere $70,000 to a few California growers. The duty of twenty cents a bushel on barley has been totally ineffective, and the proposed increase of four cents is therefore a futile gesture. And so it goes. The great bulk of the farmers cannot be helped in this way, but their costs of living can be materially increased to provide profits for small minorities.

THE principal action of the Madrid session of the League Council, that has just come to an end, relates to the protection of minorities. After four days' debate, the Council adopted a plan giving fuller publicity to minority proceedings and allowing greater representation to minority states upon the Council's Minority Committee. It will be remembered that, as a result of the World War, the Allied powers made treaties with ten of the smaller states of Europe in which the latter agreed to respect certain rights of minorities living under their jurisdiction. Subsequently, Germany and Poland entered into a minority convention as part of the Upper Silesia settlement. Altogether about 20,000,000 people in Europe live under the protection of these treaties. Any government or any minority may petition the League, charging that a minority treaty has been violated. At the request of a member of the Council, that body has the power to investigate and determine whether or not an infraction has taken place, and what redress should be made.

UNTIL recently, the League has acted very gingerly in the enforcement of the minority treaties. These conventions have never been popular with Poland, or with the states of the Little Entente. Still addicted to the policy of assimilation, which was one of the causes of the World War, and a thing which the minority treaties have aimed to prevent, these states attempted to weaken minority guarantees. On the other hand, the admission of Germany into the League, a state which is vitally interested in the protection of its minorities living abroad, has introduced a new factor. Germany rightly insists that the minority treaties be rigorously enforced. The clash between these two views came to a head at the Lugano meeting of the Council last December.

HERE Senator Dandurand of Canada, supported by Herr Stresemann, proposed sweeping changes in minority procedure. Hitherto it has been the practice to refer minority petitions to a committee of three members of the Council. But the minority was not informed of the action taken, nor was an interested state given representation. Senator Dandurand proposed that minorities should make every effort to settle a grievance with the offending government without an intermediary; but that in case of failure the minority should be given the right to petition the League directly, and that these petitions should be heard by a committee of all the members of the Council. Finally the committee should publish the action taken, if desirable. To these proposals, Herr Stresemann added the suggestion of a Permanent Minorities Committee, similar to the Mandates Commission. After a rather heated debate, the Council referred these suggestions to a sub-committee which later met in London. This committee presented a report to the Council meeting at Madrid, which in the main decided against the Canadian and German contentions. For a time the situation was tense, but after a prolonged debate, a compromise was arrived at whereby the Council minorities committee will be increased under certain circumstances from three to four members, and whereby more frequent sessions will be held and greater publicity will be given to decisions. While this arrangement is not as complete as is desired, nevertheless it is a distinct step forward for Germany and for internationalism generally.

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WITHIN the past fifty days, seven men have been killed by officers of the law engaged in prohibition enforcement. At least four of these persons were innocent. Ollie Hix was killed at Gallatin, Tennessee, when he refused to permit his car to be searched. Henry Virkula was shot at International Falls, Minnesota, because he was unable to stop his automobile quickly enough to suit the member of the Border Patrol who had ordered him to halt. Arthur Gordon met his death at Mooers, New York, at the hands of a customs official whose gun is said to have been discharged accidentally. Grady Phillips, Buchanan, Georgia, was killed by a bailiff who fired at an automobile which he thought contained liquor. In not one of these cases was there any evidence of wrongdoing on the part of the individual killed. While the number of such instances has lately been a little higher than usual, similar things occur, week in and week out, all the year round. Something like two hundred individuals have lost their lives at the hands of officials during the bootlegging war.

IT IS true, of course, that those engaged in the liquor traffic include some desperate criminals. There are doubtless occasions when prohibition agents are forced to kill or be killed, and it is unlikely that they could fulfill any function if, as has been suggested, firearms were dispensed with and they were armed with hickory clubs. Prohibition agents are ordered not to shoot except in self-defense, or to prevent the taking of a human life; customs officers may shoot "in order to prevent the commission of a felony." There would seem to be good reason for making the rules uniform in both cases, and for following the principle of the prohibition unit, which even in that division has been laxly enforced. Here is another serious problem for Mr. Hoover's new Law Enforcement Commission, already burdened with more than it can possibly handle.

A RICHLY deserved rebuke has been given Governor Horton of Tennessee by Secretary of War Good, and we only wish it had been stronger. Mr. Good points out that the soldiers of the Tennessee National Guard used federal army uniforms and equipment when they were called out, in the recent textile strike at Elizabethton. This is a violation of the law, and the Secretary of War asks Governor Horton to see that it does not happen again. Had he cared to, he could have added that the whole incident is one which shows Governor Horton in an unpleasant light. He acted with what can only be called indecent haste in ordering out the National Guard to protect the property of the mill owners; it has not been proved that there was any emergency which justified calling out the troops at all, and he permitted the German managers of the mills to pay the cost of maintaining the soldiers—a fact which did not come out until the strike was over. In short, Governor Horton, like the governors of other states in the South, seems to have been actuated by an anti-union bias which certainly has no place among the qualifications for governor of a great state.

OUR Washington correspondent this week turns in the interesting bit of information that Mr. Ivy Lee of the Rockefellers, who shares with Mr. Dexter Fellowes of Barnum and Bailey and Ringling the honor of being the world's greatest press agent, is the author of a weekly column of American notes in the London Spectator. These notes, it seems, have contained uncomplimentary remarks anent Mr. Hoover. And the question is: Does Mr. Lee here give us the clue to the real opinions of his famous employers on the subject of the Chief Executive? Such may be the case. We possess no inside information, either regarding Mr. Lee, or the eminent gentlemen for whom he is, in other things, spokesman. But we are inclined to doubt it. We doubt it for a simple psychological reason. Assuming, for the purpose of argument, that we ourselves had been for a couple of decades the spokesman of, say, the United Collar-Button Industry—that our name had never been mentioned during those decades except in parenthetical fashion in connection with the Collar-Button interests, assuming that we had collected all the money we needed, and that we possessed, moreover, the not unnatural desire for some sort of personal significance, what would we want to do? Well, we would probably want to do anything in the world that would make us known for ourselves and for ourselves only, with the Collar-Button Industry distinctly left out of it. We dare say that we might even take to writing a column of fashion notes in which we advocated the beauty of shirts with collars attached. Caution seems wise in interpreting Mr. Lee's new literary efforts.

MR. ARTHUR SCHREIBER is a young cub who deserves to be soundly spanked and sent to bed without any supper. He is, in case you have forgotten his name by now, the twenty-two-year-old Portland boy who stowed away on the French aeroplane, the "Yellow Bird," just before its successful transatlantic flight. By so doing, he gravely endangered the lives of the three French airmen; he was perhaps responsible for the failure to reach France and the forced landing in Spain; and he did Franco-American comity much less than no good at all. Probably there is no use in scolding him; a young man stupid enough to do such a thing, and afterward to suppose that he had played a hero's role, is presumably too stupid to understand why he was hooted by the Parisians. At any rate, we hope nobody else will succeed in duplicating his inglorious achievement.

WE propose any quantity you like of wild huzzas for Mr. J. G. Hardgrove of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Mr. Hardgrove, a lawyer and a former presi-

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dent of the Milwaukee Bar Association, has been reading the Eighteenth Amendment, which was intended to put an end to the manufacture, sale or transportation of alcoholic liquors. Its language, Mr. Hardgrove believes, outlaws the manufacture, sale or transportation of liquor by private individuals only. He believes that the government of any state can go into the business of making and selling liquor, as is now the case in most of the provinces of Canada. He proposes that the great state of Wisconsin, which recently held a referendum and repealed its state prohibition law, should proceed to to do this forthwith, and he has prepared a resolution for the Legislature authorizing such an enterprise. Mr. Hardgrove's is a grand idea, even though James M. Doran, national prohibition commissioner, asserts that the decision of the Supreme Court in the Rhode Island case in 1921 prevents any such action by the states as is proposed. We hope Mr. Hardgrove's idea will be tried. Not in years have we seen such a sprightly item of news . . . and right in the middle of summer's first hot spell, too.

Are the Farmers Relieved?

PRESIDENT Hoover, it is said, has won a great victory over the Senate by the defeat of its debenture amendment to the farm-relief bill. That statement overlooks the future and an important part of the past. The debenture will reappear as an amendment to the tariff bill. That has been the plan of the Senators supporting it, all along—and a logical plan, too, since the debenture is a device for making the tariff effective on farm products. The Senate's insistence on inserting it in the conference bill for agricultural relief was mainly for the purpose of forcing the House to take a vote on it. The Senators, irritated at the tactics of the Republican machine in the House, which had relieved the representatives of the embarrassing duty of voting on the scheme, wanted to put them on record for future reference.

Assuming for the moment, however, that the Hoover victory will stick, what has the President won? We know a lot about what he has eliminated, less about what the measure he favored really promises the farmers. After all, the fundamental issue is not the result of a quarrel between two branches of our government, but what sort of relief the farmers are to get.

Three major agencies, or types of agency, are contemplated in the successful measure. At the top is a Federal Farm Board, to be composed of twelve members, one from each Federal Reserve District. Under this may be formed advisory committees for separate commodities, representing coöperative associations interested in those commodities. And third, there may be created stabilization corporations for the several commodities, coöperative-owned, and empowered to deal in those commodities for the benefit of the coöperative owners.

The Federal Farm Board is to carry on research, educate the farmers to the advantages and uses of coöperation, encourage the organization of coöperative societies, foresee and try to prevent overproduction, and attempt to work out new uses for agricultural products. The advisory committees will help it in these activities. The chief function of these committees appears to be, however, to suggest the formation of stabilization corporations whenever the need appears. The theory is that such corporations should not be formed unless the coöperatives concerned want them. Their main purpose would be to buy seasonal or temporary surpluses which threatened to break the market, and hold them for better prices. They would operate under the strict supervision of the Farm Board.

To enable this sort of thing to be done, a revolving fund, limited to $500,000,000, is provided, of which Congress has just appropriated $150,000,000. Loans from the fund can be made to the stabilization corporations, at low interest rates. They are to pay back when they sell their accumulations of crops, and are also to create reserves of their own out of their possible profits, after they have paid a dividend limited to 8 percent to their owners.

Other purposes for which this fund may be used are: (1) to assist the orderly marketing of crops and to reduce speculation and distributive waste, by the creation of facilities such as warehouses and terminals; and (2) to finance the insurance of cooperatives against reduction in the prices of crops which they buy.

These broad outlines of the plan permit a good deal of latitude to administration. The most obvious comment is, that under able and meticulously honest administration there is a chance of success but that without that essential, the plan offers tremendous opportunity for political pressure, graft, or mere blundering. The tendency of any agency which offers to private interests governmental "loans" is to pass out as much as possible in the way of benefit to the interests concerned and allow the loans to remain unpaid—except by the taxpayers. A straight-out subsidy would often be preferable.

The plan, moreover, offers nothing in the way of emergency relief to those agricultural staples which have been persistently overproducing or whose prices are set by foreign markets. It would clearly be absurd to form a stabilization corporation and finance it to hold off the market a crop like wheat, which suffers from low prices year after year because of large world production. Or at least to hold off enough materially to affect the price over an average period of years. If that were attempted, the loans would not be repaid, the "revolving fund" would not revolve, and a continuance of overproduction would be encouraged until the corporation could stabilize no longer and the price collapsed. Much better, if that is the purpose, a subsidy like the debenture, or an export agency like that pro-

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posed in the McNary-Haugen Bill, with the loss met out of equalization fees.

The only price aid to be soundly offered under the plan would be that which might be extended for one season only, or at most two, to a crop whose yield happened to be temporarily and unusually large on account of weather or other accidental conditions. There would have to be a moral certainty that the temporary surplus would, in an average period of years, be succeeded by an equivalent shortage.

If Mr. Hoover's desires are followed, this feature of the bill will probably be used only in rare emergencies. He undoubtedly lays more stress on its provisions for eliminating waste in the distribution of food products. That such waste exists there can be little doubt. That it is of a nature which can be remedied by any federal farm agency acting alone may, however, be doubted. To eliminate it will require a long process of adjustment of railroad, terminal, trucking, and other practices, not merely the substitution of new agencies for the much-abused middlemen. If the new agencies used the same methods and facilities that the middlemen do, the cost of distribution would scarcely be affected merely by the elimination of the private distributors' profit. But to make the necessary adjustments will require much time. It does not fall under the head of "farm relief" so much as building for the long future. And when it is all done, the consumer rather than the farmer will derive the benefit, as long as the farmers tend to produce more of every crop than the consumers want to buy.

Limitation of production is the essential basis of any enduring relief to the farmer, whether the immediate instrument of relief be stabilization corporation, debenture, crop insurance, clearing channels of distribution, or something else. It is difficult to see how this can be achieved except through the formation of sufficiently strong coöperative farmers' societies, resting upon deeply ingrained coöperative habits, loyalty and understanding. American experience abundantly proves that farmers will not remain loyal enough to a coöperative association even to market through it in bad times, so long as they regard it as a distant business agency in which they have no part other than to profit by higher prices. That coöperatives of this sort could induce farmers to limit production is difficult to believe. The super-agencies contemplated by the bill might fit well on top of a coöperative structure which had grown solidly up from the ground; but if we had such a coöperative structure it could probably command its own research, planning and credit. Few successful coöperatives see much benefit in the present bill. The most dubious feature of the Hoover plan is whether it will succeed in building effective coöperation from the top down. If it does not, there will be a real danger of financing artificial and paper organization, and providing places for self-seekers, thus tending to corrupt the whole movement and making the pathway more difficult for the genuine coöperatives. We have before us the example of the Federal Land Banks, which were supposed to be coöperative, but which have been run by political appointees ever since their foundation, and have been sadly abused by patronage and other unsound practices of administration.

Mr. Hoover has undertaken an extremely heavy responsibility in sponsoring the present bill. It is almost certain that the farmers will be disappointed if they expect any immediate aid from it. And it will take all his skill and foresight to make it work well enough in the long run so that the farmers will not be sorry it was ever passed.

Should MacDonald and Hoover Meet?

AMONG some American students of international affairs who are both intelligent and liberal, there is a strong feeling that Ramsay MacDonald ought not to come to the United States for a personal conference with President Hoover. They cite as an analogy President Wilson's ill-fated visit to Paris for the Peace Conference in 1919 at which, it is generally conceded, much less of his program was adopted than would have been if he had stayed at home and acted through emissaries. Those who oppose MacDonald's visit argue that the two countries are much farther apart on the naval question than is commonly believed; and that however far-reaching are the sacrifices which Mr. MacDonald, personally, or his party, are prepared to make, theirs is a minority government which would be turned out of office if it went to such lengths that public opinion is not prepared to follow it. The fear is expressed that, after the high hopes of recent weeks, a conference which resulted in failure would produce a profound reaction, and would leave things ten times worse than they were before.

Those who hold this belief point to a specific difficulty in relation to armament reduction. The British navy, they say, is at present substantially larger than that of the United States, and President Hoover has repeatedly indicated that he will not be satisfied merely with parity. He wants parity at a level no higher than that which the United States has achieved today, and there is good reason to believe, because of his insistence on reduction, and on taking men off battleships to restore them to productive industry, that he wants a level materially lower than that which the United States has now reached. The MacDonald government is prepared to grant theoretical parity—something to which the Tories, despite their occasional half-hearted statements about it, have never really made up their minds. But, assuming that formulas can be worked out which give a meaning to this very nebulous idea, at what level shall parity be maintained? Mr. MacDonald could, without much difficulty, persuade his fellow countrymen to accept a scheme under which

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the United States would build up to the present British level. He could, perhaps, though with much greater difficulty, persuade them to scrap part of their tonnage in order to come down to the present American level. But could he get Great Britain to consent to a still greater reduction, to a level much below that of America at present, such as President Hoover wants? The pessimists say that his government would be thrown out of office instantly at the mere suggestion. The British Admiralty has dinned into the ears of the public the argument that England needs a fleet of a certain size, because of her peculiar world position, entirely irrespective of the size of the American fleet. Their argument is disingenuous, to say the least; if the American fleet did not exist, and if the Admiralty were not really contemplating even the faint possibility of a naval struggle between the two powers, they could not justify the existence of a fleet as large as the present one, or anything like it. Their propaganda has undoubtedly had its effect, however, and because of it, MacDonald will find himself tied—with a fairly long rope, but a strong one.

Another reason is advanced why MacDonald and Hoover ought not to meet during the next sixty or ninety days, as is contemplated. It is held that the Kellogg Pact, if taken seriously, must radically alter the whole conception of sea law. Under the terms of the pact, it is inconceivable that either the United States or Great Britain should be engaged in a "private" war of aggression. It is equally inconceivable that either of these powers, and the United States in particular, would insist upon the right to continue its trading, as a "neutral," with a power which was under a worldwide ban for having engaged in an aggressive war. Yet this question of neutral rights is, as New Republic readers are well aware, one of the most serious factors in the present armament race between the two powers. The United States government is building ships, remembering the experiences of 1915-16, in order to be in a position in the future to enforce its right to uninterrupted commerce if a similar situation arose. The British are building partly because, in accordance with their traditional policy, they want a fleet sufficiently powerful to exercise the right of blockade, as well as one which would keep open their own lines of communication and prevent their being starved out.

The Labor party has officially declared its faith in the new order of things brought about by the Kellogg Pact. It remains to be seen, however, whether British public opinion, and the Liberals in the House of Commons by whose grace the MacDonald government must survive, are prepared to embrace such novel doctrines. The attitude of Mr. Hoover is still more uncertain. While he has paid lip service to the new era in international affairs, his serious discussion of the subject has been in terms of other matters—the new formula which will set up standards for comparison of all factors of fighting strength, and the necessity for positive reduction. Those who hope MacDonald will not come believe that a conference of the President and the Prime Minister might result in an attempt to recodify sea law on the old basis, an attempt which is likely to break down and produce a reaction much worse than if no conference were held at all, or if negotiations were to go on by correspondence, so that a disagreement would not be so instantly and calamitously apparent to the whole world.

We have stated these criticisms at length, because they come from important sources, among individuals whose sincere interest in the cause of world peace cannot be questioned. The fact that we state them, however, does not mean that we endorse them. The New Republic believes that the present situation affords a unique opportunity to correct a dangerous situation between the two greatest countries in the world, and one which has been drifting rapidly from bad to worse. There is in Great Britain, for the first time since 1924, a government sincerely devoted to the cause of peace and understanding, on terms which give some hope that peace and understanding may be achieved. We have as President of the United States an able humanitarian, who, while sharply conservative in many of his ideas, has already shown his ability to break through the stone walls of governmental tradition and use common-sense expedients for the production of a desirable end. The chance is too magnificent to be thrust aside because of fear that things may go badly. If this moment is let slip, there is no saying how soon it may recur—if ever.

We believe, however, that if the MacDonald visit does take place, it should be under conditions which recognize the dangers and difficulties outlined above. If Messrs. MacDonald and Hoover should find that they are unable to complete the task, they should endeavor to leave matters in such a condition that ultimate success will be jeopardized as little as possible by the delay. If they find that they can come to an understanding on the basic principles, the details as to ways and means by which their common resolution can be put into effect can be worked out in leisurely fashion. It is clearly desirable, we think, that Mr. MacDonald's visit should be brief, that Mr. Mackenzie King, the Canadian Premier, should participate, as one in a peculiarly good position to understand the problems of both the powers, and that the discussions should be conducted strictly in private. In saying this, we are not urging a return to secret diplomacy, which commits a country to obligations of which its citizens remain ignorant until called upon to fulfill them; we merely argue that the initial stages of the discussion should not be wrecked by being made public, when that fact would inevitably destroy the free play of mind which is essential.

A discussion on these terms, in our judgment, could not fail to do good. Even if it produced no tangible results in the way of an immediate armament agreement, it would signalize the importance

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of the question, and the friendly spirit of the heads of the two governments. It would offer a fine opportunity for that education of the public which is imperative if progress is to be made. It would be a ceremonial taking of salt together which would counteract some of the bitter vituperation which, in the last few years, has been caused by this naval question, war debts, the inroads of American movies, our high tariff policy and the fact that we have challenged British supremacy as the world's chief banker and trader. A visit on the terms we suggest would, moreover, afford the time, so urgently needed, for public opinion in the two countries to adjust itself to the altered, and vastly improved, conditions under which agreement is now possible—if we can but rise to our opportunity.

Nice Nellie, the Censor

THE censor's hand these days is everywhere. Sometimes even the shadow of his hand is enough to bring a publisher to heel. This has apparently been the case with the American edition of "All Quiet on the Western Front," a review of which appeared in the last issue of The New Republic. In the English edition (made from the same translation) several incidents appear which have been left out of the American. It is further rumored that the language in many instances has been toned down from the original.

There can be only one reason for these omissions and this toning down, and that is, as we have suggested, the fear on the part of the publishers that the distribution of the book might be held up. Their apprehensions were doubtless sharpened in this case by the fact that the publishers (Little, Brown and Company) are a firm established in Boston, where the Massachusetts state censorship law reigns supreme, and where publication of the book could be stopped at its source. As our readers ought to know by this time, the Massachusetts censorship law is as beautiful as it is dumb: under its provisions any book which contains *one word* that may be adjudged obscene may be debarred from sale; and every court-room in Massachusetts breaks the law continuously by permitting a Bible within its maidenly precincts.

We have read the book in question, and agree with our reviewer that it is a candid and socially useful account of the horrors of war. Though it may have been expedient, it was certainly feeble of its publishers to consent to any deletions in the original manuscript. Whether or not you believe in any general progress of the human race, we seem of late years to have been growing a little franker. Perhaps this, too, is an hallucination, but let us follow it; it may prove a useful will o' the wisp. The days when the mention of the word "*mouchoir*" on the stage of the Comédie Française could cause a riot in the audience seem now well in the past. We laugh at the Victorians for their verbal prudery. And yet we are still tied down, *in print only*, to a set of ponderous euphemisms that rightly make most men blush to mouth their mothy Latinity aloud, and force any novelist of the present scene either to omit passages and words that are integral to his story; or to hint, often with pornographic intent, usually with pornographic effect; or to strike the falsest of false notes by bowdlerizing his language; or to go ahead, and run foul of the censor. The stage, painting, sculpture, the moving picture are all more emancipated, in this respect, than literature—they all express well known, common and (what should be) inoffensive human matters that are still impossible, thanks to censorship, on the printed page.

Yet the English language contains native, short, well understood and commonly used words (many of which appear in the Bible, all of which appear in the classics of our literature) which most men use every day of their lives. When we should naturally use these same words in writing, however, we must employ all kinds of subterfuges, coy innuendoes, and ridiculous medical hybrids to state a plain fact, with the immediate and inevitable result of falsifying the atmosphere and dirtying our own minds. Let us, by all means, return to a "primitive purity and shortness" of language! Whom are we fooling by all this painful enunciation of bad French in front of the children?

We should like to characterize the censor in the language he deserves—that is, the language which he forbids. Under the present state of affairs, however, we are not permitted this feeble pleasure. And the fault, we hasten to add, cannot be laid altogether at one door: the intelligentsia, with their double standard of language, are partly to blame; but who enforces this double standard? If anything can be done about the present conditions of censorship, it will have to be done by a mounting public opinion against the censor.

And we should like to encourage and urge on this movement, which we feel is only dormant, by going on record, here and now, to the effect that in our opinion the censor and all his works are not worth a * * * * .

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Wanted: A New Criticism of Business

THERE is a scene in "Porgy" in which the Negroes are parading through the main street of Charleston. The bands are playing, everybody is joyous, holiday is in the air. Back of the drawn curtains of the houses, those who do not belong in the procession are watching and waiting for the parade to pass by.

In some ways, this scene is curiously suggestive of our present-day business. Everybody in sight is in the procession, all going one way. The sky is bright, the bands are playing. Those who do not belong are out of sight, watching, perhaps, but not hoping to do anything while the celebration lasts.

The importance of business in American life is not new. But since 1921, there has been a qualitative change in the status of business, of which, so far, only Europeans seem to be aware. It is more far-reaching than anything that took place after 1860, or even than the Industrial Revolution of a century ago, which was also the aftermath of a world war.

One significant fact is that there is no longer any active criticism of business. The phases of orthodox socialism are as ineffective as last year's styles. Trade-union meetings now must be about as spirited as a session of bank directors. Governor Smith was not far wrong in saying that there was no difference between the two political parties on economic matters. And H. L. Mencken quotes with glee the ministers in the Bible belt who call themselves God's salesmen or speak of prayer "to break down God's resistance."

This is perhaps more of a change than we quite realize. The modern business system grew up in a world fixed in the pattern of an aristocratic, landed society, and had to make headway against the old forms. When the work of the new historians is completed, we shall see more clearly that, even more powerful than economic pressure, or military force, is the influence of that fusion of habit, feeling, and belief that we call tradition. The living tradition of Europe was fundamentally opposed to business and acted as a check on its growth. The aristocratic, agrarian tradition could not take root here, but its superficial forms were brought over, and gave way slowly enough to obscure the fact that the whole design had changed.

It is surprising, perhaps, to discover how little modern business has been exposed to realistic criticism. For over half a century now, critics of the capitalist system have followed the patterns laid down by Marx, the ethical protest of a sensitive man who feared the uses that ruthless men, subject to no restraint, make of power. The whole system was held to be wholly bad, and to be tolerated only that in the end it might destroy itself. All the positive elements of the new skill were overlooked in the ugliness of the destruction it caused. The Fabian Socialists seem more important now in their resemblances to Marx than in their differences. One theory was the system-making of a philosophical German. The other bore the marks of the English temper. Both were nineteenth-century.

Marx described the brutality of the new order. The classical economists, who defended it, defined its rights, in relation, always, to the old rigid agrarian mold. They were so water-tight in their logic, and so intuitively in touch with the dominant ideas of the time in their premises, that their hold has not yet been broken. The influence of classical economics on even present-day economic theory is hard to understand. It is perhaps merely one more proof that we all prefer new syllogisms to new conceptions.

So far, then, we have had no adequate description of this new force in society. To be sure, there has been plenty of negative criticism; but a vivid, balanced picture of the business process is still to come. The knowledge of its functioning is buried now in the minds of its practitioners, whose mental processes are intuitive, who hate logic and reason and "theory." If criticism means the restating of new experience in intellectual, and, therefore, debatable terms, so that its values may be understood and the good separated from the bad, then modern business has been subjected to little real criticism.

Leadership in the capitalist system has shifted to the United States. Perhaps the definite thought-patterns of the socialist movements in Europe, with their class war, their evolutionary science, and the emotional pitch at which they were fused, will prevent any gradual readjustment there in the old ideas to meet present needs. It may be that the new criticism of the capitalist order will also come from the United States.

The new criticism of our economic system will be, on the whole, unemotional. "Right" and "wrong" are no longer felt to be satisfying answers to economic problems. The ethical protests of Marx and those that share his point of view—that physical man-power is more precious than unlimited economic power—have been heeded. The departments and commissions that are, more or less efficiently, protecting workers from dangerous machines

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and poisonous substances may be credited to the dissenters from the easy optimism of their day. But our task is different; and it is harder to achieve an intellectual mastery of a new system than to protest against its excesses.

Effective criticism of our economic order will also have to be as specific, technical, and precise as the criticism of a new machine. There is little class protest in this country today. There are no proletarians waiting to unite, with nothing to lose but their chains.

The new skills have not only given us more wealth; they have given us new wealth, new weapons against darkness and cold, against distance and time, the material things that limit man's activity. They have made new raw materials, as explorers used to find old ones. They have enlarged our labor supply by putting a few men to the making of machines to save many in the making of cloth. They have increased our power also through more elaborate groupings of people. The intricate organization of a company like General Motors takes as many kinds of invention as the development of a new machine, and saves as much time and energy in the economic scheme.

This new business of ours has also given us courage—though, to be sure, it is short-sighted courage. Courage is the belief that the outside world can be molded by our will. There have been periods in the world's history when almost no one had courage, or hope, which is its next of kin. When the efforts of a few years can give a man the automobile he has wanted for his family, where formerly the efforts of a lifetime left the wage-earner in poverty, that man's energies increase. And this state of mind is highly communicable. Europeans like Siegfried and Feiler see more clearly than we do the atmosphere of hope that has risen in this country with our latest prosperity. Our present emphasis on sheer activity, with its immediate material satisfactions, and its lack of intellectual criteria or any satisfying emotional values, places us in a position of unprecedented power and danger.

Our economic skill has given us one other thing, time, the scarcest commodity we have. Competitive industry would use that surplus of time by getting rid of workers at middle age. An effective society would perhaps give it to young adults to use for physical health, for new experiences, even for pleasures, which also bring direct gains to industry; and would save more of the work for older men, so that we might have the benefit of their experience, and they have the hopefulness of a task. We do not yet know how to use this new mastery of time, but the time, like the power, is there.

Any effective attempt to control the technical proficiency that business has developed so well, and used so narrowly, must first pay it the respect it deserves, must learn the sources of its strength before attacking its weaknesses.

The critics of capitalist industry have hardly seen the intricacy of the mechanism they condemn, nor tried to realize the positive skill, the judgment, the power of choice, exercised by the men who keep it going. A news item recently stated that the English shoe trade was upset by the increasing American preference for pork instead of beef. Every crop in India, every change in handicrafts in China, every variation in climate in Canada, sends its impulse into all the markets of the world. It is hard for the men used to theory and speculation to realize the stimulating effect of immediate responsibility, of having to make specific, final judgments with full knowledge that the consequences will be real.

These skills are not mysteries. We have left the knowledge of them to their discoverers, who use the knowledge for their own purposes. But these skills and experiences can be restated in intellectual terms as soon as men with interpretative skill wish to undertake the task. Until they have become part of our common knowledge, we shall continue our present respectful attitude of giving the business enterpriser the complete freedom for which he asks, believing that prosperity is dependent on his nod. We shall use the new skill and the leisure it gives us for the production of more material goods, as the business man wishes, and not, as we might, for something of greater significance.

We need, then, the natural history of business. The new engineering vocabulary which is sure to come into use may help us. What does this intricate mechanism do? How well does it work in this part and in that? Engineers do not call the soil wicked when they cannot sink their piles into it. They do not call steel evil because it melts at a certain temperature. If they cannot lay tracks straight through, they go around.

Private profit may be the best incentive for supplying our material wants. But Socialists long ago pointed out the periodic overproduction of goods, followed by months or years during which no more goods could be sold. Foster and Catchings are now making the same criticism from within the fold. How well does private profit actually stimulate industry to its best performance?

Until we discovered by accident that high wages meant good business for the manufacturers, we insisted, during every business depression, on cutting wages. And if we have another business depression, vociferous people will again suggest cutting wages as a remedy. We do better by our machines.

Credit is the life-blood of business. We used to say that savings were deposited in banks; bankers lent the money to industry; and the owners of capital were given part of the return to pay them for forgoing delights for the sake of future gain. During the past few years we have seen business concerns reorganizing their plant and their processes so that they need less and less capital to keep going. They have come into the stock market, lending money in competition with the bankers. Men with small incomes have added large sums to

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the savings of the country. The rate of interest for the new small savings has gone steadily down, and the capitalized value of large holdings from former days has gone steadily up, without any pressure on their owners to forgo either present or future goods.

Business men tell us that they alone are fitted to manage the intricacies of our economic life, and yet most of this has taken place without any conscious direction, almost without the present knowledge of the business men themselves.

When we ask what business leaders are paid for managing one part of our complex social life, we find that their rewards are high in comparison with those of others. The new wealth was created by the coöperative efforts of enterprisers in physics and law and medicine and human relations, as well as by the men who controlled the industrial order. Like children, we have accepted the claim of business men that the chief part of our new wealth should go to them; and have forgotten that the physicists and chemists asked for no monopoly of what they created. We have given business men a strategic control over our material wealth and have never asked for an accounting.

The precise study of the mechanism of profit, of enterprisers' salaries, of holding companies within holding companies, and the rest, may give us the beginnings of a specific, technical, engineering kind of control over the flow of income. If more and more of our values are being reduced to money, perhaps we may have to control our money system so that it will buy better things.

But business in its large sense is not only a mechanism for the production of goods, but also a mechanism for the production of habits. Our economic life has always colored our institutions. Now it has even more power to do so.

We need more than the natural history of business; we need also the natural history of its principal product, the business man. The business enterpriser is a fairly new type in the world, obscured in Europe because of the power of the aristocratic form of society, but subject to no limits or restrictions in America. The law-giver and the priest we know. The soldier and the statesmen were the characteristic European leaders. The scientist has taken on clear outlines, new as is his type. But the economic enterpriser, the most influential man in our time, we do not know. What do we know of his impulses, his thoughts, his motives, his values, to compare with our conception of the scientist, with his emphasis on logic, his absence of emotion, his patient, painstaking effort at a small piece of a great task with no concern for the personal reward to him?

What sort of man is this that is transferring the adventure of war to business, altering politics and government, and establishing a new form of authority in supposedly democratic societies? Unless we learn to control the enterpriser in our midst, he will control us, not only our wealth, but our whole way of living. Unless we can separate his important function as technical master of new skill from his assumed function as manager of the new material power of our modern world, our whole civilization will be limited to the things that enter into his experience.

This understanding and reshaping of our working life is not a simple problem in economics. It means new forms of law, as complex as the situation they are trying to control, new agents of the general will, either inside or outside of the old governmental forms. It means, especially, a new kind of public education, a sharing of many people in the critical understanding of our unformulated experience, in order to create that "productive receptivity" without which the ideas of even the greatest man can bear no fruit.

Society, obviously, cannot produce geniuses to order. But it can face its new experiences and make the mental effort necessary to understand those experiences. In that soil inventive minds may flourish to tell us not only what is wrong, but what would be better, to give to the pattern of our industrial life selectiveness and design, the technical mastery of our material and the reshaping of it to embody our ideas. It is too much to hope that our industrial society will take on the order and fitness of a work of art; but we may ask that it have the precision and the effectiveness of a good machine.

EDNA LONIGAN.

Men

(On a phrase of Apollinaire)

Our history is grave noble and tragic
We trusted the look of the sun on the green leaves
We built our towns of stone with enduring ornaments
We worked the hard flint for basins of water

We believed in the feel of the earth under us
We planted corn grapes apple-trees rhubarb
Nevertheless we knew others had died
Everything we have done has been faithful and dangerous

We believed in the promises made by the brows of women
We begot children at night in the warm wool
We comforted those who wept in fear on our shoulders
Those who had answered us had themselves vanished

We fought at the dikes in the bright sun for the pride of it
We beat drums and marched with music and laughter
We were drunk and lay with our fine dreams in the straw
We saw the stars through the hair of lewd women

Our history is grave noble and tragic
Many of us have died and are not remembered
Many cities are gone and their channels broken
We have lived a long time in this land and with honor

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH.

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"Lindy and Anne Wed!"

PRIVACY, of course, is obsolescent. In company with leisure, with individual freedom, with dogmatic religion, with traditional morality, and with other attributes, good and bad, of a less obstreperous past, it is going down under the weight of that complex of mechanical and spiritual phenomena nicknamed "progress."

We may resent the loss of it, but there is little that we can do about it. We may set its loss down to degeneracy in human nature, but that does not explain what has happened. Human beings are probably no more curious about the personal affairs of their neighbors in our glass-house age than they have been in any other. There have been Peeping Toms in all civilizations. The difference is rather that in other ages the peepers had fewer facilities than they have in our own enlightened time. They have our best inventors working for them now. One by one the barriers behind which men and women instinctively hide have been pierced, smashed or over-ridden: the camera, the telegraph, the telephone, the wireless and sometimes even the aeroplane are allied in this process. Nowhere is one alone any more. Today any fool at the end of a telephone wire can call you dripping from your tub; tomorrow we shall have television.

Yes, it is inevitable, the disappearance of privacy, as inevitable as being elbowed in the subway, and of a sort with it. We have almost accepted it. Yet when, on some rare occasion, an individual who stands out from his fellows as an object of crowd curiosity succeeds, by ingenuity and good luck, in thwarting that same curiosity and preserving his privacy in a world leagued to wrest it from him, with what affectionate admiration we regard him!

It was so, not long ago, when Charles A. Lindbergh and Miss Anne Morrow, who have been more persistently pursued by a gaping public than any other romantic pair in history, gave the slip to some scores of reporters and photographers who literally besieged the Morrow home, and departed, unannoyed, on their honeymoon. There were gasps of surprise in the newspaper offices that evening when, hours after the event, there came from the Morrow family the decorous announcement of a wedding ceremony so well guarded that even the guests had not known until the moment it began that it was for that they were assembled. In those same newspaper offices there were broad smiles of gratification that the "Lindbergh story," which most good newspaper men had dreaded, had thus turned out so painlessly both for Lindbergh and his young wife, and for the newspapers themselves.

For, believe it or not, next to the Lindberghs and the Morrows, the group who most enjoyed the escape of the bridal couple was the newspapers, whose vigilance that couple had circumvented. Of course, when I say newspapers, I mean newspapers and not tabloids. But when I draw this distinction I should add—believe me or not—that even the tabloid staffs contain ladies and gentlemen. I recall one such in particular, an unusually competent reporter, sensitive and incorrigibly chivalrous. He is forever in trouble with his city editor because when he is sent out to exploit some indiscreet woman he invariably becomes her defender and maneuvers the situation, if he can, so that neither he nor anybody else gets much of a story.

It was the tabloids, of course, which went to the most fantastic lengths to invade the Morrow estate and to find the Lindberghs once they had escaped. And even though many of the tabloid workers undoubtedly hated that particular job, what a horror of vulgarity they would have made of that most delicate period of their victims' lives, if they had not been thwarted. Nothing is sacred to the tabloids, because nothing is sacred to the moronic public which feeds them. One may well shudder for what will happen at the Second Coming if the tabloids are still running then.

But to return to our theme. The newspapers themselves have become, in a measure, the victims, along with the people whose private lives they record, of the crowd's mania for knowing other people's business. It is the newspapers' own fault, of course, for this exploitation of personalities began before the tabloid was invented. It was a gradual process and increasingly competitive. Once begun, it could not be stopped. The public liked the keyhole peeks which were afforded it by the more daring papers, and demanded all that it could get, until now a newspaper, no matter how decent, may not ignore the intimate varieties of news, once they actually become news. If, out of delicacy, a paper refrained from printing such news as a sensational divorce case of prominent persons, for example, large blocks of its readers in all likelihood would desert it to read other publications which gave them the juicy stories. No good end would be served by such delicacy; the story would be read by just about as many persons. This being so, the paper which publishes such a story sanely and decently may well feel that it is performing a public service.

The newspapers themselves, conceivably, could turn their backs on the fact that suppression is a dangerous thing to toy with, and agree among themselves to omit certain classes of news. But such an agreement would last only until the first big story in the forbidden category broke. Some publication certainly would print it. There would

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be too much circulation in it for the temptation to be resisted. And how the readers would flock to the offending publication!

Ever and anon—usually when some sensational sex story is running on the first pages—there is agitation among uplifters outside the newspaper offices for the suppression of such news by law, as is the case with divorce news in England. Beyond doubt a great many newspaper men, publishers included, would feel greatly relieved if the publication of certain classes of news were thus forbidden. But even the best of them are not likely to sanction such a remedy. They fear that would be the entering wedge to a censorship of other classes of news—political, religious, economic—and believe that, for the sake of the public itself, they should fight the suggestion.

As things are, even the first-class paper—with a few exceptions such as the Christian Science Monitor—finds itself covering a first-class story involving private lives—a courtship, a marriage, a divorce, or a scandalous death—as thoroughly, if less sensationally, as the yellowest tabloid. The greatest differences in the treatment of such a story by the best and by the worst of our daily publications are that the best newspapers do not try to unearth such a story, but wait until it has happened to cover it; that they neither gloat over the dirt, if it is that kind of a story, nor sugar-coat it with hypocritical moralizing; that, so far as possible, they avoid hounding the principals; in short that, in a difficult situation, they try to behave like gentlemen.

The truth is that newspapers, for all their invasions of privacy, have a higher regard for the right of privacy than have any other agencies that this writer can now think of. And the vast majority of newspaper workers have far more respect for the reticence of the men and women whose sublimities and obscenities they record than have most of the people who get into print, not to mention the public who read their stories. For the progress of daily publications in breaching privacy has been at least matched, in the general public, by a voluntary abandonment of reticence. This is as true of the people who might be assumed to have good taste as it is of the commoners. If you do not believe it, thumb through the advertising pages of any popular magazine and note the Social Register indorsements, with pictures, of every sort of personal commodity from mineral oil to mattresses. An extraordinary number of people simply do not wish privacy. They will talk their heads off, to any reporter who will lend an ear, about things which it would seem a civilized person would try his best to conceal from the public. Often this lack of the instinct of privacy is humorous. I recall a man whose wife had been spectacularly careless in her extramural amours telephoning a newspaper and raising the devil because his name had been misspelled. And the things which husbands have told about their wives, wives about their husbands, mothers about their daughters! Things which the reporters did not write because they regarded them as none of the public's business. There is no reporter of broad training who has not had the experience of going out, with great distaste, on a scandal story involving people of formidable social position; dreading the deserved rebuff for asking indelicate questions; hoping that he would not be received—only to be welcomed and laden with intimacies which he would never have dreamed of asking about.

The public has a sense of ownership in those who are conspicuous. It considers that, in subjecting a celebrity to scrutiny, it is only levying a legitimate tax on fame and riches. Many newspaper men also feel that they have certain rights over celebrities who owe their prominence and their fortunes to newspaper publicity, as many of them in a measure do. "We made him. Why shouldn't he play fair with us?" is a question which newspaper men often ask each other of some hero who, having risen on a wave of headlines to glory and prosperity, tries afterward to thwart them on some matter which they consider to be news. The career of Gene Tunney is in point. The prize-fighting industry, in which he swiftly amassed his fortune, is built almost exclusively on the ballyhoo which the newspapers grant it. In Tunney's days of obscurity, according to the sports writers, he was gratefully receptive to publicity. But once he had won the title and was assured of his position until someone knocked him off it, he put on the high hat. The sports writers considered that they had treated him rather well and that he had treated them rather shabbily, and they have not yet forgiven him.

Lindbergh has been similarly criticized by many newspaper men. It is true that to a large extent they "made him." They of course did not guide his plane during the thirty-three dangerous hours of his famous flight. But if the commodity known as publicity did not exist, he might never have flown to Paris, and never have met Anne Morrow. It was in the hope of publicity for their city that the business men of St. Louis financed his epochal adventure. And it was the newspapers which fanned, if they did not create, that gale of adulation which made the unknown flyer the greatest hero in history and set him on the path to riches. Lindbergh himself in that flight was promoting the development of one more agency for eliminating the barriers which stand between men—in short, was unwittingly facilitating the encroachments on privacy which he so justifiably resents. How appropriate that, when Lindbergh and his bride finally were run down, it was by a tabloid reporter in an aeroplane!

Newspaper men wonder sometimes whether Lindbergh, at such times as he is forced to be questioned when he does not wish to be, knows that the newspaper men dislike it quite as much as he does and would gladly leave him in peace if only that were permitted. . . . Two days after Colonel and

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Mrs. Lindbergh had disappeared on their honeymoon, and when the whole country was wondering where they were, a reporter who knows Lindbergh was motoring with his wife on Long Island. The reporter and his wife presently found themselves driving through a huge estate where Lindbergh has frequently been a guest.

"I'll bet the Lindberghs are right here," the wife remarked.

"Well, then, we'd better turn around and go back," said the reporter. "They might happen to be out walking and I'd hate to run into them."

HAROLD NORMAN DENNY.

Mass Production in the Colleges

OUR European neighbors are sending to the United States a steadily increasing number of commissions and other representative groups to study our industrial and business methods. We have apparently developed far enough in efficiency and organization so that mass production has become common and is remarkably successful. Blessed, as a nation, with exuberant youth, robust health, optimistic energy and a whole nursery full of natural resources, we have gained in the methodology of industry a position envied by all who need money. In order to do this, we required ready-made man-power, and for some decades we gulped down through the cavernous gullet of immigration a motley throng of raw human material. Just how successful we shall be in digesting it and in transforming it into the tissue of a national group is of course problematic, and will form one of the great problems—perhaps the greatest—for the next two or three generations. It would have been a miracle if this rapid material growth and highly developed commercialism had left our educational system unmodified. We are spared any such acid test of our credulity, however, for there has been no such miracle, and the educational system, so-called, has been shaken to its very roots.

Growth in enrollment in our colleges is a strange thing. It has been general, extensive and impressive. It has had an enormous hypnotic influence. I have met more than one college executive who subconsciously measures the academic value of the educational unit which he administers by the increase or decrease of enrollment. As an example, in a meeting of university presidents some five years ago, the head of one of our largest mid-western universities was called upon for his views on what might be the most important work to be undertaken by that group. To my amazement, his contribution was a plea for more rigid rules concerning the nature of, and scrutiny of, methods for computing enrollment figures. He pointed out that some of his "sister" or "cousin" institutions had been guilty of "paper expansion," thus giving them a student body which, before the public, shone resplendent as might the full moon in a cloudless sky. The learned gentleman in question made a plea for "no fudging" in computing enrollments, an appeal which compared favorably in eloquence and righteous purity with any standard newspaper interview given by a director of athletics, on the subject of eligibility and alumni interference in amateur sports.

Growth in enrollment is also used, with great skill and effect, by experienced heads of departments to pillage the dean's "unexpended financial margin"; by deans and presidents to harass the trustees, and by the president as he may desire to soothe or to activate the legislature. Projected future enrollments depicting even larger financial needs than now have served more than once, in the hands of a skillful executive, as a local anesthetic, under the influence of which the relatively smaller budget immediately needed has been removed painlessly from the state treasury by legislative enactment.

Growth in enrollment is like a draft felt in the living room. It has a cause. One may either continue to sit there, contracting a head cold, get more financial wraps, or do something to diminish the current of air at its source.

At this point there comes a clash of method versus principle. It is inconvenient, unpopular, and difficult to develop new methods of selection and admission which will decrease the thoughtless flood of youth to college. If, however, the principle is sound, the method should, in spite of all, be developed for the sake of youth itself.

The relative ineffectiveness of our well established methods of admission is clear and impelling. Leaving for the moment the question whether those who get the bachelor's degree are really worthy of it, we may use another and more direct test of this fact. This is provided by the number of "failures" in college among those who have satisfactorily passed the academic ritual for admission.

A few years ago, the national organization of college registrars provided the interesting information that one in every three freshmen failed and withdrew from college before the sophomore year. In any other human activity such a record would have produced a scandal. In college education, however, it did not, a fact which shows beyond doubt that our system of higher education has been

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evolved primarily to meet the needs and interests of the faculty and executive rather than to serve the student or the community from which he comes.

This fact, in itself, is not dangerous unless and until the faculties and executives have become selfish, unimaginative and too narrowly academic. There are, of course, many institutions, and vastly more individuals, to which such condemnation does not fairly apply. Yet, after careful conference and exchange of opinion with those in administrative work in our colleges, I am inclined to think that there are many more cases where it does. Why?

Increased enrollments have naturally meant greater pressure on teachers and on executives. Whereas in the old days the college president could meet personally and become acquainted with each student, the freshman class now literally swarms over the campus, trampling into the hard clay of mass treatment the living succulent qualities of personal contact. As a result, there has been a sharp and steadily growing split in the personnel of faculties and in the ranks of executives.

On the one hand, the faculty member has been produced, often shy or self-centered, who, in the face of the "thundering herd," seeks the cyclone cellar of his own narrow field or climbs far out on one of the branches of the tree of research. To him the great mass of college students are a bore and a drudge, as one professor once described them to me—"my rack full of dumbells." On the other hand, a type of teacher has been isolated (usually not promoted to full professorship) who is primarily a humanitarian. His love of youth, as such, crude and unformed though its examples may be, has grown to keep pace with the flood of students. He teaches willingly, and by his own enthusiasm leads scores to more advanced scholarly pursuits. While so doing, he must necessarily reduce his own research and his so-called "productive" scholarship. He is, of course, unable to make his scholastic "children" spring full-armed from his Jovian head as can his more erudite associates. They are giving birth to books, with abundant fine print and copious footnotes, and to candidates for the Ph. D. degree. He, poor man (but rich soul!), is content to recognize as his intellectual children the larval and wormlike mentality of freshman or sophomore classes. The situation is in many ways closely analogous to fundamentalist and modernist in religion. The former believes himself possessed of a large measure of all existing truth. The latter has not forgotten the lowness of his own origin or that of all mankind.

The former type of faculty member assumes and acquires authority as he would have gained possession of a hilltop and a castle, had he lived six or eight centuries ago. He rides forth in armor as truly as did any baron or knight. He has his "retinue" of scholarly articles and learned societies to which the ordinary individual (the other type) must bow the knee as he passes.

The analogy, however, may be carried still further. The lasting effect of such domineering individuals and the permanency of their tenure depend solely upon the length of time that it takes to produce a rebellion. Such an upheaval from those outside the "castle" has always come, in the past—and it always will.

There are many signs about us at the present time that the breaking of the authoritative control of the medievalists in education has begun. Greater liberality towards, and consideration of, the needs of the student lies behind such reforms as the tutorial system, the reading period and the housing units at Harvard, Freshman Week, the consideration of character and personality in admission at several institutions, the University College idea at Michigan, the Experimental College at Wisconsin, the junior year abroad at Smith, and a score of others.

Only rarely do we find general policies which seem to lean in the opposite direction. One of the most interesting of these retrograde plans is that which suggests that the student shall pay the full cost of his education. This idea has always seemed to me to neglect or to evaluate erroneously certain general principles.

In the first place, it would remove from the student the last vestige of group or social responsibility which at present remains. The student would come to college to get eight hundred or twelve hundred dollars' worth of education, as though it were something of a material nature which he took away with him, like a set of notes from a lecture course or a filled note-book from a laboratory. If, at the end of four years, he was dissatisfied, he would feel no sense of further obligation. I believe the plan would kill alumni loyalty.

In the second place, one *cannot* estimate the value of education in dollars and cents. To some of us who have tried to replace materialism in education by idealism and an appreciation of intangible values, this step would be tragic. Legislators and trustees are all too prone, as it is, to consider that the gross cost of an institution is also its *net* cost. To show the fallacy of this point of view requires only such instances as the "340" oat in Maine developed at an experiment station costing the state perhaps $40,000 a year, but increasing the oat yield of the state by hundreds of thousands of dollars annually, or the work of Steenbock at Wisconsin—admirably described by de Kruif in "The Hunger Fighters"—which is bringing to research at the university, as a result of control of a patent, probably twenty-five times the annual cost of his work. To adopt the "value paid for value received" business philosophy in education would mean that the institution with the lowest gross cost would be considered as being actually the *best* from the point of view of state politics. It would also result in a "class" selection both of students and of institutions, and, in so far as it did so, would produce the

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undemocratic situation of rich men's and poor men's colleges. There is probably little danger of its adoption, but it affords such a splendid example of a "sound" business method based on the unsoundest of educational principles that I have considered it at some length.

To return to the major point: the tendency to liberalize in modern education is not primarily visionary or unwise. Even the puritanical attempts of such splendid scholars and educators as W. B. Munro to insist that the road up the Parnassus of scholastic achievement be edged with gloom and sorrow somehow fail to carry conviction. Most of the permanent and valuable things in life are not dressed up in ritual or procedure. Agriculture was the first and will be the last activity of man. Other more learned and better clothed professions have come and some of them have gone. I am not by this statement advocating a "back to the farm" movement or a farm-relief plan. I am merely trying to emphasize that simplicity is essential for continued survival, whether we consider professions, institutions, or theories. Education cannot, in this respect, escape the grinding of the mills of the gods. It cannot neglect or belittle human relations with the student, the alumnus and the parent, and still survive. In a civilization starving for such relationships, it would seem unnecessarily stupid to encourage longer the type of self-esteem which puts up bars against the entrance to college.

Wise and sympathetic human relations incorporated as a guiding principle in educational reform are certain to increase happiness and to diminish the store of "grief" which Mr. Munro naïvely believes is so essential. There is no rule of life that fails to show a positive tropism to natural and coöperative human partnership. Education cannot afford to encourage dried, intellectual "old age" when the elasticity of its arteries depends upon its sympathy and affection for youth.

C. C. Little.

Russian Literature Today

NEARLY twelve years have passed since Kerensky fell. The first four were tempestuous years of military Communism, famine, and civil war. One could hardly expect literature to survive at such a time, much less to prosper. But after seven years of peace, we may reasonably look for some harvest. It is not easy to say off-hand whether the Soviet regime has proved favorable to literature; but let us examine the situation.

We may disregard the host of Russian writers living outside of Russia. These émigrés include some of the best Russian writers, such as Bunin, Merezhkovsky, Aldanove, and Grebentstchikov, but the field of their influence and importance lies outside the Union of Soviet Republics. It will be wiser to limit ourselves to those Russian authors who have remained in Russia and whose writings are directly influenced by the Soviet regime.

Among these authors we may distinguish three important groups: the "Old Guard," consisting of recognized figures, such as Gorky, Biely, Veresayev and others, and the younger generation, which is divided into two camps—the so-called "road-companions," and the proletarian writers proper.

The "Old Guard" belongs to the established schools of Russian literature, accepting the traditional forms of writing with little change, but closely limited in its choice of subjects. For these authors must not only refrain from criticism of the existing order, but are expected to prove their sympathy with it. This may explain why their work has deteriorated since the Revolution. But whatever the reason—whether lack of freedom or lack of youth—they have produced nothing of the first rank in the past eleven years. The only exception to this is Alexander Bloke, who died seven years ago. In his famous poem, "The Twelve," he crystallized the whirling chaos of those first tumultuous years of revolution. But it is the only masterpiece that the past decade can show.

Ehrenburg's "Julio Jurenito," published in 1921, was a brilliant satire, but the wit that flashed in this malicious book has since sputtered into darkness in the copious works that have followed.

None of the older writers, with the exception of Biely and Remizov, exercises any great influence upon the younger generation. Gorky was powerful at the beginning of the century, but his authority today is nominal. The influence of Biely and Remizov, although strong, is negative. Remizov is a lover of queer, rare words and antiquated provincialisms. He regards writing as a chance to string together droll expressions. Plot and characterization are not only secondary, but often lacking from his tales.

Biely goes still further: this "mad genius," as he has been called, not only retains all the peculiarities of Remizov's language, but adds a jumble of anthroposopho-communistic ideas to the confusion already created by such a style. He is the James Joyce of Russian literature, and his "stream of consciousness" novels are both brilliant and delirious.

Unfortunately, these two writers influence the style of many a talented young author. The clear, lucid prose that the Russians were once proud of, which began with Karamzin and was developed by Pushkin, Turgenev, and Chekhov, has practically

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vanished. In its place, we find hurried, and often unintelligible, writing.

It is often argued, of course, that this chaotic literature mirrors a new state of mind. We shall see later whether this is likely.

Among those of the younger generation there are, first, the "road-companions," as they were christened by Trotsky. The writers of this group come from the ranks of "the lower bourgeoisie and intelligentsia." And this, in the Russia of today, means a deplorable lack of proper ancestry! It is really a serious handicap, for only those of peasant or proletarian descent are entitled to full political and moral privileges.

The "road-companions," therefore, are not Communists. Officially, they sympathize with the communistic ideals and follow the party on its road, but they take no active part in its program.

It appears probable, for reasons that will be clear when we come to discuss the proletarian authors, that these "road-companions" are the chief hope of Russia in literature. The imagination of proletarian writers, such as Podiatchev, Kasatkin, Volnov, and Neverove, is warped, and their talent cramped by their single-minded devotion to propagandist aims. But the road-companions have preserved a wider culture and a freer, personal vision. Such writers as Pilniak, Babel, Leonove, Seifullina, Ivanove, and Zoschenko, in other circumstances, might have produced a literature of the first rank. As it is, they are hopelessly handicapped.

In the first place, the Soviet government exercises complete control over all printed matter. Most publications and practically all newspapers are owned by the government. Every other literary work, before going to press, must submit to government censorship. And woe to the reckless spirit who defies this law!

Pilniak tried it. In one of his novels he described, in half-veiled language, the intrigues by which Stalin rid himself of the potential Bonaparte—Frunze. The book was at once suppressed and the author reprimanded.

Trotsky tried it. His arraignment of the present situation in Russia was confiscated and destroyed. The workers that printed it were condemned to exile.

It may be objected that literature need not touch upon political questions; that there are other realms in which it is free from the inquisition of the censor. But there are few realms in which a Russian writer must not keep his eye on the censor. Suppose that he wishes to touch on religion in his writing. After all, the search for God and superhuman truth has always constituted an important theme of great Russian writers. Our Soviet author will not be allowed to treat the matter sympathetically. He may deride religion, he may blaspheme it, he may excoriate it, but he must not take it seriously! For this falls under the censorship ruling of "inciting religious fanaticism."

This is the tragedy of modern Russian literature: the scope of its themes is limited by a narrow, official, communistic outlook. Writers *must* be atheists, they *must* be materialistic, they *must* treat every matter sociologically—more especially, from the point of view of historical materialism—they *must* forgo all individual or psychological problems. In a word, they are denied the freedom of art.

At first, this limitation was not so acutely felt. There were the years of revolution and civil war, full of lawless, picturesque vigor, heroic struggle, and unloosed frenzy. The individual was swamped in the popular upheaval. What an inviting field this presented to the artist! The best works of the "road-companions" reflect this mad period: Babel's "Cavalry" and Pilniak's "The Naked Year," their respective masterpieces.

But the frenzied years have passed. Discipline took the place of the picturesque chaos; a period of peace and relative stability set in. And when the national and class passions finally subsided, the individual began once more to live his own life—and the writer began to stir restlessly. He could not go on forever repeating the Revolution-Civil War-Famine theme. He had to occupy himself with the present. And the present offered him nothing.

Nothing? But what about this new individual? Weren't there striking changes in his outlook, serious problems to be met, and new adjustments to be made? Wasn't this a fertile ground for literature?

For a free literature, yes. But for a literature that must conform to standardized ideals, that must treat all subjects from the definite point of view of orthodox Marxism, and the justice and glory of the Soviet regime—no. There is no place for the individual in the Communist scheme of life, and there is no place for him in the Communist literature. A writer is expected to reflect the life of the masses: mass fears and mass hopes. He must praise the rulers and denounce the sacrilegious opposition. He must forget that he is an artist and become a propagandist.

What is his fate if he deviates from this appointed path? He falls into disfavor, is at first reprimanded, then attacked by official critics, and finally silenced.

The poet Malashkin was popular and appreciated. He was a gifted, sensitive member of the "road-companions." But one day he wrote a poem in which he confessed that he had transferred his affections from his Communist sweetheart to a woman of wealth and culture, whose hands were white, whose clothes were beautiful, and who was beautiful herself. He claimed the right to be happy in his own way, a peaceful, idyllic way. He was tired of upheavals and danger; he wanted a humble, human happiness of his own. His poem was buried under abuse. His former *confrères* denounced him bitterly. He had betrayed the Communist ideal by yearning for a personal happiness; he had betrayed

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his class by loving a woman of wealth. And so Malashkin is now in oblivion.

The same interest in the lives of individuals, crushed under the Juggernaut of revolution, was charged against Leonove, perhaps the most gifted of them all. He was accused of lack of historical perspective; he was warned to avoid dangerous compassion for the "victims of the iron era." It is not surprising that, with such paternalistic admonitions, he failed to fulfill the brilliant promise of his earlier works.

To complete the picture, let us examine some of the opinions of modern Soviet critics, those faithful servants of the government. The article we quote from was written by Valerian Poliansky and appeared in a recent issue of Novy Mir.

Poliansky is dissatisfied with Soviet literature. It still cannot rid itself of the preposterous and antiquated idea that it must "reflect life" or "help us to understand life." According to Communist theory, literature is merely "a means of organization."

Soviet writers have nothing to write about? What a shame! Mr. Poliansky will supply them with themes that are important, timely, interesting, and within limits allowed by censorship.

He generously proposes a few such themes. Here are the examples:

(1) "There is a lack of butter. At first people are astonished, then irritated. They argue about the powers of the Soviet Union. They even come to family quarrels. Butter lines, confusion, common citizens alarmed, etc.

"All this gives most interesting material for the artist, not only for the realist, but for the psychologist as well."

(2) "A seven-hour labor day is introduced. . . . The proletarians are excited . . . a textile worker is meditating . . . what a rich material for psychologists and realists!"

This may sound grotesque to the reader. But Mr. Poliansky is very serious.

The odds against which a Russian writer must work are incalculable, for the ethical censorship is worse than the political.

No wonder, then, that many of the talented young authors adopt a chaotic, subjective style. This goes under the name of "futurism," "impressionism," "imaginism" and other "isms." Since it is considered "a revolution in the art of writing" it is tolerated. In reality, it is merely a form of literary hysteria. Only in this unintelligible, disorderly way can authors give vent to their pent-up emotions.

For lyricism is taboo in Russia. And, realizing this, Sergey Yessenin, the greatest lyrical poet since Bloke, was driven to despair and finally to suicide.

Not long before his death, he said:

> Well, who could think of it? Who could such things forestall?
> That I'm the people's friend, I've always said before.
> But look—my poetry they do not need at all,
> And I myself am needed here no more.

This is therefore the present literary situation. Official Soviet writers, such as Mayakovsky, Biedny, Neverove, and others are either giftless or vulgar. The loyal Soviet literature is sterile. On the other hand, there are young men in Soviet Russia of unmistakable potential greatness. With favorable conditions, they might produce a great literature. As it is, their development is either totally checked or at least arrested.

We do not dispute the great benefits that the Soviet government has brought to the formerly oppressed peasants and workers. Whatever it has accomplished in the fields of economics, education, or politics, is beyond the scope of the present article.

But from our survey we cannot help concluding that, so far, the Soviet government has not only failed to stimulate, but has also immensely handicapped, the natural development of modern Russian literature.

BEATRICE VAN ROSEN.

Washington Notes

AS THIS extra session of Congress swings into its tenth week, the less emotional and more experienced observers in Washington fail to find either interest or novelty in the situation, despite the high fever into which the most eloquent of our breast-beating statesmen at the Capitol are plunged, and despite the shrill feminine cackling and gallery flutterings without which the stuffed-shirt Senators would not be able to function at all—or at least would not care to. Observers with memories longer than a day see nothing startlingly new about a Senate operating hostilely against the White House through a combination of the minority party with an irregular group. Such seems to be the normal Senate position. There have been few Presidents who, at one time or another in the course of their administrations, have not found such a coalition in effect against them.

It is mildly interesting that in this administration the combination between Democrats and insurgents should have occurred practically at the start, but it does seem as though the effort to make it appear that the Hoover administration, program, plans and specifications have been sunk as a result is considerably premature. I have never been able to see anything save futility in the present Democratic-insurgent coalition on the debenture. I have no desire to point to the Hoover farm-relief bill as a remedy, because it is not. But I contend that from the start it has been easy for anyone not completely blind to see that there was no chance for either concrete achievement or political nourishment in the debenture fight. On the contrary, the sort of silly and excited battle put up in the Senate for a proposition about which there is no real public sentiment and which is so clearly doomed to defeat cannot fail in the end to affect unfavorably the forces joined in it. There are too many states in which the citizens think that the debenture is something to eat, to make this a worth-while fight. And the hopelessness of the fight was too great to create either public interest or sympathy.

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With 90 percent of the newspapers echoing his ideas, it was easy for Hoover to stamp the debenture idea as economically unsound and to deprive the opposing coalition of either journalistic or business support. In addition, the lamentable fact is that neither the farm organs, the farm organizations or the farmers themselves are as united behind the debenture idea as they were behind the equalization fee.

The only actual result of the Senate coalition against Herbert, so far as I can see, has been to make him take ten weeks instead of five to win his fight for a farm-relief bill suited to his own ideas. But won he has, and by a comfortably large margin. There was no possible outcome for the Senate save surrender. The combination of House and Hoover put it up against unbeatable odds and left it in an undignified position. As things stand today, Mr. Hoover has won his first real fight on a major issue. Now the struggle shifts to the tariff. The apparent purpose of the Democratic-insurgent coalition, which still holds together, is to tack the debenture plan on to the tariff bill, where, of course, it logically belongs. For this proposal the coalition will have ample votes. But after its hostile vote last week, its general administration support, and its ardor to lick the Senate "good and proper," it is hard to believe that the House will accept the tariff bill with that feature included. But if it does, the presidential veto is practically assured. So again there is no way for the Senate to win. If it presents Mr. Hoover with a tariff bill he is forced to disapprove, it does him a political favor, enables him to pose before the people as a courageous fellow, stands him out as a hero for whom all the journalistic cohorts of the party can hurrah.

In brief, it seems to me that the Senate is engaged at this session in kicking Mr. Hoover uptstairs instead of throwing him down, which is indicative of soft-headed leadership in both elements of the controlling coalition. This is the really discouraging feature of the situation. Personally, my sympathies are normally with the coalition of insurgents and Democrats. I believe that the threat or the actuality of such a coalition has a splendid effect in checking the excesses of the dominant party, in keeping the administration in a proper state of humility, in diminishing the arrogant pride of Presidents and party leaders. Further, it is the one really effective method of progress and reform. Without insurgent-Democratic prodding there would have been extremely little advance in political and public standards in the last twenty-five years. Any review of the record will prove this. If it were not for the effective combining of Senate Democrats and insurgents, we would have a Senate full of Vares and Newberrys and Lorimers and Smiths. In addition we would have had a Charles Beecher Warren following a Harry Daugherty as head of the Department of Justice, and we would have had a number of other phenomena generally distasteful and deleterious to the public health.

It is exactly because I appreciate fully the extraordinary value and worth of Senate coalitions of the past that it distresses me to see the present one turn ineffectual and sour. It has an opportunity for effective public service on the tariff bill. It has in addition the chance to put Mr. Hoover in a real political hole. He is, to all practical purposes, committed to the House bill, which is bad. His secretarial mouthpiece and messenger boy, the pure Mr. Newton, came up from the White House to vote for it—and not only voted for it, but praised it. By passing a tariff bill that really kept the Hoover promise of "limited changes," that did not outrage the sense of justice and indefensibly distribute favors to campaign contributors—by passing such a bill in the Senate, the coalition could put Mr. Hoover in the position of either having to desert his House allies and throw down the Longworth-Snell-Tilson leadership which has so nobly stood by him, or taking an unsound, unpopular and indefensible position by throwing his weight against what would be clearly the better bill. The coalition could do that, but it will not. It is in fact headed in just the other direction. Instead of putting Mr. Hoover in the hole, it is apparently intent upon occupying the hole itself. When you consider the nature of the lost opportunity, contemplation of the present efforts of the coalition is depressing in the extreme.

Speaking of kicking Mr. Hoover upstairs, I do believe that if Mr. Ivy Lee, the super-press-agent, mouthpiece of the "Interests," publicity counsel for the Rockefellers and their like, and general defender of great wealth, would give his presidential criticisms a little wider circulation on this side of the ocean, the grateful thanks of the Hoover inner circle would—or ought to be—his. It would nicely offset the Brookhart-Borah-Norris assaults on the President were the hostile attitude of Wall Street toward Hoover a matter of common knowledge. It would be so amusing to stress the fact that the unfriendliness of the most radical friends of the people is about equal to the dislike of the most reactionary representatives of "predatory wealth." It is hard to guess whether the radicals or the reactionaries would be the more uncomfortable did they find themselves in the same boat. At any rate there would be some risk of a public laugh at both. Up to date, however, there has been no such opportunity, because Mr. Lee has chosen as his vehicle of his Hoover criticism the justly famous London Spectator, which, sad to relate, is not widely read on this side. Once a week Mr. Lee, who is described by The Spectator as a great American publicist, contributes a cabled column of comment on American affairs. This week's contribution caustically assails Mr. Hoover for his tardiness in his diplomatic appointments, describes him as timid and afraid to offend political leaders, resentfully intimates that he chooses the "easiest way." To the vast number of Mr. Lee's admirers, as well as to the insignificant and ridiculous few who do not admire him, it will be news that he has become a weekly commentator on American affairs in a London journal. It may even be news to some of Mr. Lee's Wall Street clients, for whom he is regarded as spokesman. Conceivably, it may not even be pleasant news to some of them. Up to a week or so ago, The Spectator says, Mr. Lee has been sending his comment anonymously. Last week's piece was so good he signed it. Now, if he could only be induced to print it on this side, those three sensitive secretaries at the White House who have been suffering under the Brookhart-Borah-Norris lash would certainly smile again.

T. R. B.

Washington.

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Shoat

WHEN I was a little boy there used to live down beyond the garden at my uncle's house old Uncle Amos. The Negroes said that he was a voodoo, and it was certainly true at least that he knew strange songs, which he said his grandmother, who had come from Africa, had taught him. Uncle Amos Wimbush had been a preacher, rambling from church to church and staying at the houses of the brethren. But after some years, having collected himself a number of children, without ever marrying any of their mothers, he left the ministry and settled down with my uncle, for whom he did chores on the plantation and some work about the place. His cabin was down by the creek, hidden from our view by the live-oaks. His children lived with him, four or five boys. Uncle Amos slept on a cot and they on the floor; in summer they slept on the floor and in winter burrowed into a pile of cottonseed in the corner to keep away the nipping cold. There were Henry and Tom and Pindar and Oscar, called Awce for short, and the oldest son, who for some reason had a longer name bestowed upon him, George Washington Marquis de Lafayette Wimbush, he was called Shoat. Uncle Amos's mother had sung, and he sang and all his children sang; we used to hear them as we sat on the porch on summer nights.

After many years of absence I have stopped by Mississippi to see my cousins, only them, for my uncle and aunt are long since dead. Exactly as we used to do when I was a child we are sitting here in the low hickory chairs, and exactly as it was then, I remember, the still, passionate night hangs over everything. The smell of the roses and jasmine and heliotrope and box, sweet, heavy, remote, fills the warm night air, with its drenched surprise of freshness like early dew; and from farther away comes the perfume of the honeysuckle fences. The moonlight lies everywhere, on the columns of the porch with their sharp straight shadows running up, across the stones of the walk from the gate, out over the garden—even the shadows are filled with its hushed, silver light.

My cousin Rosalie has come in from two doors down the street, the little bungalow that her mother built in place of the old white house they had torn down. She is forty-five and unmarried, and always spoken of among her friends and cousins as Rosalie, without the Miss, as if she were still a girl. She lets a cluster of short ringlets stray about her ears, affects a manner all animation and gaiety, and sweeps into a company and up to you like double doors burst open by the wind. She likes to use extravagant expressions and phrases that were the height of slang along back in 1900, in the days of George Ade's fables.

The music has begun down toward Uncle Amos's house. Someone is playing a guitar, then a man's voice begins to sing.

"They've got an old drum they'll be playing," my cousin says, and Rosalie too nods her head. The singing rises, very high, plaintive, wild.

The drum presently begins, a strange beating, harsh and monotonous, over and over, as if it had dropped out of Africa. We hear the drum, the strings and the voice, with its wild, dark harmony, then several voices, one of them a woman's, and together with them, from along the creek, the frogs with their shrill ancient voices.

"They could all sing like forty," I say to my cousin, "but Shoat had the finest voice of the lot."

Then she tells me about Shoat, for many swallows, as she says, have flown over the roof since I was in this country. Shoat has become a singer in New York, changing his name to a fancy sound. She says I must have heard of him, and of course, by that new name I have, for he has made a great reputation for himself. I am quite overpowered with the news; and she explains. She explains how he saved enough money to go to Nashville, to the school there for colored people, and his voice got him into the quartette, and when the quartette sang in the North somebody put up the money for Shoat to study; that was what happened and how he got where he is.

"We have no phonograph," says my silvery old cousin, "but I believe you told me, Rosalie, that you had bought some of Shoat's scores. Are they good?"

"Not scores, honey," Rosalie says smiling, "scores are in grand opera. Records."

"Well then, records."

"But did I tell you about showin' 'em to Uncle Amos?"

Rosalie tells us of asking the old man into her house to hear Shoat's record. Uncle Amos had never heard a victrola before.

"Well," she says, "I took him in and he put his hand up to his ear, ready to hear what there was to hear, his eyes stretched wide. So then he listened and when he heard the voice he gave a cry. He thought it was a voice from the other world. I swan darkies are funny!"

"What did he say?" I ask.

"Oh, he pushed back against the wall, you know, and he said, 'Shoat?' right loud, 'Shoat, is you daid?'"

"Poor old thing," my cousin says, the tears coming into her eyes.

"Well, that's what he said. 'Shoat, is you daid?' Then he said, 'Shoat, oh, Lord Jesus!' he said. So I had to turn the victrola off and explain to him about it. I explained to him it was a machine and that he ought to be proud, because his son had a mighty sweet voice. You don't blame all those people up North from liking it. But I had to laugh—oh, I haven't had such a good time since the hog ate my little brother!"

This is one of Rosalie's pet phrases, and my cousin smiles indulgently, hearing it for the thousandth time. For a moment the singing grows louder, though the drum stops; then the singing grows softer again, then it leaves off altogether. The air becomes still, and without this support, this passionate music in the night, we are suddenly lost like lonely children. There are sounds of the night, sounds far off in the town, little sounds among the leaves, but with the singing stopped and the light so still on everything, the silence seems so great that everyone is whispering.

They are talking about Uncle Amos and whether his great son sends him any money and so on, my cousin thinks not, Awce would have mentioned it.

I do not hear very well what they are saying. My mind is full of the thought of this old Negro and his son. There is Shoat singing to a packed house in New York and Paris, and there is the crowd hearing that music and its wild

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melody and that dark, unforgettable thing in it. And here is old Uncle Amos sitting by the creek, half a savage still, his blood full of old terrors, old lusts and the rhythms of a lost music. The thought comes to me of how much from Shoat's father and his forefathers has gone to the shading of his music that draws so many to listen. How much of this singing at the cabins down there by the creek beyond the garden, at meetings and revivals, how much of this southern moon and sun and the warm, rich earth has gone to the shading of a phrase, a tone, in this singing. How this smaller life feeds that which is larger—or which is larger, which of these lives? I have the feeling that there is no death, only life flowing into life.

STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Cost of Medical Care

SIR: May I, as an advocate of two unpopular causes, state sickness insurance and state recognition of trained midwives, venture to comment on some items in a recent editorial in The New Republic, entitled "The Cost of Medical Care"?

The belief is very widespread that ignorant midwives are responsible for much of our high maternal and infant mortality rate, but no proof of this has ever been offered. Several exhaustive studies of midwife practice have been made, for instance in Illinois and Massachusetts, but without disclosing any evidence that a larger proportional death rate can be charged to the midwife than to the physician; yet these were the ordinary foreign-trained midwives of our large cities, and the practically untrained midwives of the country districts. In England, where midwives are trained, licensed and supervised, their record is excellent, as can be seen in the report by J. S. Fairbanks in the British Medical Journal of January 8, 1927. The Registrar General's statistics for industrial cities where obstetrical care is largely in the hands of midwives show better than those from similar cities where physicians monopolize this branch of medical practice.

The advocates of midwife practice believe that the good results can be traced to the fact that the midwife does not interfere with normal labor; it is only when the case is taking an abnormal course that interference is needed, and then she summons a physician. In this country the normal but protracted case takes too much time for the busy practitioner who is to receive only a small fee, twenty or twenty-five dollars, therefore interference to hasten delivery is a common practice, with sometimes disastrous results to mother or baby. The absence of skilled and recognized midwives in the United States is one of the most important factors in the problem of the cost of medical care. The American woman of the poorer class receives from her physician hastier and more risky immediate service, and much scantier after-care than she should be able to secure from a well trained midwife at a lower cost. This is, of course, a problem that cannot be left to physicians to solve, for they are, with a few exceptions, deaf to any argument in favor of the midwife.

The second point has to do with state sickness insurance. In 1918 I was a member of a committee appointed by the Governor of Illinois to inquire into the need of such insurance. The inquiry was conducted by H. A. Millis, of the University of Chicago, and it brought to light the importance of sickness as a cause of poverty and the widespread efforts to insure against it by voluntary associations, efforts always inadequate and usually wasteful. However, the majority of the committee saw no need in Illinois for state insurance against sickness, and the subject was buried. The same fate attended efforts in other states, although the American Association for Labor Legislation has espoused the cause with all its resources. I believe our defeat can be traced to the opposition of the two largest industrial insurance companies, of the American Medical Association and of the American Federation of Labor. The motives of the first two are understandable. The opposition of the A. F. of L. was probably based largely on the belief that state sickness insurance would remove one reason for membership in trade unions, although the success of sickness insurance in England with a trade-union movement so far stronger than ours should have been sufficient to allay any such fear.

Your editorial laid stress, and rightly, on the importance of preventive medicine. In this field, however, the United States is well to the forefront among the nations, and can easily make even greater progress if only more generous treatment be given the Public Health Service. It is in the field of insurance that we are most backward among modern nations. The working man in the United States lives under the shadow of three great fears, the fear of sickness, of old age, and of loss of his job, and our country, the richest in the world, seems unable to give him protection against any of these fears. The factors which your editorial considers as making sickness insurance impossible, the lack of accurate data, and the individualism of the American, were quite as operative in England as in this country; indeed, the Englishman is much more jealous of his rights as an individual than the American; yet England has carried the system through with success. Sickness insurance may not work ideally in England, but it works too well for anyone to suggest that it be abandoned.

Boston, Mass. ALICE HAMILTON, M. D.

[The article to which Dr. Hamilton refers was not intended to give the impression that sickness insurance is impossible. Our statement was: "The most obvious remedy for the present situation would seem to be some sort of sickness insurance, but there are many difficulties." A list of these difficulties was then appended. We wholly agree with Dr. Hamilton's final statement.—THE EDITORS.]

Nationalism and the Supreme Court

SIR: The New Republic might perhaps have performed a better service in publishing the opinion of Justice Butler on the Schwimmer case, rather than that of Justice Holmes. With all due deference to the high-mindedness evidenced in the minority opinion, I think it evades the issue. The case of Madame Schwimmer is not comparable to that of an applicant who favored the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. It is rather similar to the case of an applicant who refuses to recognize the binding force of the Eighteenth Amendment and affirms his intention not to adhere to it.

The essential point in this case, and I think it has been overlooked in most of the comment, is revealed in the words of Justice Butler: "The fact that she is an uncompromising pacifist, *with no sense of nationalism*, but only a cosmic sense of belonging to the human family, justifies belief that she may be opposed to the use of military force as contemplated by our constitution and laws. . . . And one who is without any sense of nationalism is not well bound or held by the ties of affection to any nation or government." It is that the gospel of *political* nationalism has not only, as formerly, found a place in the jingo press and in the flaming oratory of the National Security League speakers, but has finally become enshrined as the law of the land. Citizenship and nationality have definitely been made synonymous. The national State is definitely established as the divine, all-embrasive, all-inclusive entity demanding complete subordination in all matters both public and private, both of activity and of thought and feeling, of morals as well as politics. It is the irony of fate to see these staid and conservative justices of the Supreme Court lined up in the historical development of the theory of nationalism with

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those reds of reds, those holders of some of "the now dreaded creeds," with the Jacobins of the French Revolution.

New York City. KOPPEL S. PINSON.

Who Are They?

SIR: It seems to me that Mr. Wilson emerges somewhat inelegantly from his recent amicable bout with Mr. Wright in your columns. To cite a single instance of his faulty swordplay, allow me to call your attention to his first letter, published in the issue of May 15, wherein he made a statement deserving of repetition both here and as a preliminary to all controversy of this sort. "Between a believer and an unbeliever," he said, "there can, in a sense, be no real argument; and there is usually but little point in accusations of lack of logic and 'illucid thinking' brought by one against the other. They may both be equally lucid and logical; they simply start from different premises and arrive at different conclusions." Who can deny this? Here, certainly, is stated, neatly and briefly, a truth we all admit, but which, unfortunately, we all too soon forget, as does Mr. Wilson himself in the very next sentence. For, without pausing for more than a breath, he proceeds to cite the extreme scarcity of "great modern Catholic writers and thinkers," finds it "difficult . . . to imagine a modern philosopher or poet equally great [with Aquinas or Dante] existing within the Church," and declares it seems to him that today "most of the important intellectual work which is done lies completely outside the Church, Protestant and Catholic alike." Although these latter points have nothing to do with the main argument, who would believe they were uttered by the same person who delivered the magnificent axiom quoted above? What does Mr. Wilson mean by "great" and "important"? and what Mr. Wright? What Mr. Eliot? And what, let us say, Mr. Mencken? J. MOLLOY.

Philadelphia, Pa.

SIR: Mr. Molloy's point is, of course, well taken. Yet I wonder whether there would turn out to be, in fact, so complete a difference of opinion between Catholics and non-Catholics as to the respective importance and merits of the modern philosophers and poets. Mr. Wright, who is presumably a Catholic, and who has, at any rate, in this controversy been pleading the Catholic cause, confessed that he found it impossible to think of more than a very few important contemporary Catholic writers, and seemed not to be particularly familiar with the works of those whom he named. I do not know whether Mr. Molloy is a Catholic, but if he is, I wish he would tell us who are, from the Catholic point of view, the great modern Catholic minds.

New York City. EDMUND WILSON.

Speculation and Gambling

SIR: Your editorial note attempting to distinguish between a "legitimate" function of the stock exchange as a market for securities and its use for speculative gain once more sidesteps the main issue. Everywhere people are ready to inveigh against what is not their particular form of gambling, thus avoiding the rock-bottom issue, the nature of gambling.

Thomas Hardy in his "Mayor of Casterbridge" remarked, "A man can gamble on green fields equally as effectively as on green cloth." Personally I have taken part in every form of gambling and cannot see the intrinsic difference between placing a stake on rouge, pair, manque, second douzaine or carré or on a lot, block, quarter section or ranch.

When an actuarial student at Nice, evening after evening I resolved problems in the law of probabilities by experimenting on a board of green cloth in the neighboring city. At different times I staked a thousand francs and picked up about double that sum. In California I staked a similar sum on a lot and picked up treble that sum. On the stock exchange one February I started with staking fifty dollars, and by June I had realized five thousand dollars. I don't call one event gambling and another speculation or judicious "investment." I call them *all* gambling, because in each case the gain was due to fortuitous circumstances entirely beyond my control.

The philosophic struggle of all the ages has been between two parties, one of which believed that all such gains appertained to the tribe, or commune or nation, as a common gain not attributable to any personal labor. The other party is that now in power, which believes in the individual appropriation of such gains by means of fraud or legal force, thus setting at naught the basis of our national existence as enunciated in the Declaration of Independence. All equality of birth is outside human control except the equality that would arise from the communalization of all gains due to fortuitous circumstances. Therefore, that interpretation must inevitably be the equality contemplated in that famous document. The most superficial knowledge of the philosophy prevalent when that document was framed must lead to the same conclusion.

If we recognize the system of individual appropriation of the fortuitous gains which incessantly accumulate as a necessary consequence of human association ("mass-production *in esse*), then one cannot draw the line between mortgaging stocks and mortgaging real estate, however much we deceive ourselves by calling the former "margin" or "cover" and the latter what both are—mortgages pure and simple, a first charge on the venture, like a grub-stake on a mining claim. There is no basis of interference except expediency. The ethical considerations lie wholly in the ultimate appropriation. COURTNEY ROWLAND.

Alameda, Calif.

Who Gains by Speculation?

SIR: In the article entitled "Who Gains by Speculation?" the author cites figures from the Bureau of Internal Revenue to show the relatively select character of speculation. These figures purport to show that only 7.1 percent of speculative profits go to those in the income group below $3,000, and 66.6 go to those with incomes above $10,000. I wish to point out that if a man with a salary or total normal income of $3,000 is able to make $8,000 by speculating in the market, he immediately becomes one of the group with incomes of over $10,000. Hence your author's conclusion is erroneous and his figures meaningless, because usually those who make money speculating automatically fall into a larger income group than they normally belong to.

Your author also says that in a 5,000,000-share day, assuming 25 percent to be in odd lots, only 25,000 speculators (small) participate, taking the average transaction to be fifty shares. However, if these 25,000 small traders sell fifty shares each on such a day, we may assume many thousand small traders to be on the buying end of these sales. It is not likely that the 25,000 do all their buying and selling among themselves or even among the odd-lot brokers. Such a volume of trading may represent 40,000 or more small traders, and in any given week many thousand more may participate, as all traders do not trade *every day*.

There are, besides, many thousands of small traders who use banks to carry them, instead of brokers. I think the number of speculators at the peak of a bull market is many times what your author intimates them to be.

At any rate, the bulk of speculative profits must go to the larger income groups, because those who make profits automatically join such groups. A small trader may well make $25,000 in a year like 1928. Does this put him in the class of the "very rich"? ARTHUR M. ROSENBLOOM.

New York City.

SIR: Obviously, "if a man with a salary or total normal income of $3,000 is able to make $8,000 by speculating in the market, he immediately becomes one of the group in the incomes over $10,000." But does that happen very often in practice? The following figures indicate the contrary:

	Incomes of $10,000 Up	*Speculative Profits*	
		Amount	*Percent*
1925	327,018	$2,346,000,000	80
1926	334,319	1,792,000,000	76
1927	343,856	2,312,000,000	82

(Source: Statistics of Income, issued by the Bureau of Internal Revenue.)

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During the speculative frenzy of 1925-27, when millions of small speculators were said to be "cleaning up" in the market, the number of incomes of $10,000 and up increased 16,838, or an average of 8,420 yearly. Where were the small traders who, according to Mr. Rosenbloom, "may well make $25,000 in a great year"? The increase which did take place in the larger incomes was about normal. Of course, some individuals did rise into the $10,000 up class owing to speculative profits, but they were few and came mostly from incomes between $3,000 and $10,000, who have the money to speculate with on a comparatively large scale.

Between 1926 and 1928 the average price of representative stocks increased about 50 percent yearly. To make $8,000 speculative profits in one year one would have to swing $16,000 of a stock rising 50 percent in price, involving the use roughly of $5,000 in margin. Few incomes of $3,000 or less have that much free money, and fewer still would risk it in speculation. Of course, it is possible to make $8,000 with a few thousand dollars: but that would depend upon the exceptional good luck of buying a stock that rises more than 50 percent in one year; or else taking a large number of small profits, which would mean doing practically nothing else than buying and selling in the market, which few small speculators can do, as they must hold down a job in order to live.

It is more logical to assume that persons with incomes of $3,000 or less might make sufficient speculative profits to qualify for the incomes between $3,000 and $10,000. Yet even this doesn't seem to be very much the case. In 1925 there were 503,652 incomes between $3,000 and $10,000, a figure which rose to 560,549 in 1926 and declined to 543,509 in 1927. There are not many having small incomes who speculate nor are their profits large.

Even if there are as many as 40,000 traders represented in one day's turnover, that isn't proof of millions of small speculators. My article said there may be 250,000 active margin traders and probably 500,000 comparatively inactive ones. One active margin trader may in the course of a year represent scores if not hundreds of individual sales. Speculation *is* the select activity of a few.

New York City. LEWIS COREY.

A Conference on Municipal Government

SIR: Readers of The New Republic will doubtless be interested, in this year of municipal elections, in the June Conference of the League for Industrial Democracy devoted to "A Program for Municipal Government," which will be held at Camp Tamiment, near Stroudsburg, Pa., from Thursday, June 27, to Sunday, June 30.

The program will deal with changing forms of municipal graft, crime and the city government, municipal control of public utilities, housing, labor protection and non-partisan versus partisan elections.

The list of speakers includes Louis H. Pink, Stuart Chase, Norman Thomas, Louis Brownlow, Carl D. Thompson, William H. Allen, Percy R. Williams, Kenneth Spence, Professor Joseph McGoldrick, H. S. Raushenbush, James H. Maurer, J. S. Potofsky, B. Charney Vladeck, Jessie W. Hughan, Alexander Fichandler and others. College students will hold two sessions at the conference on needed changes in the college curriculum and on "The Invisible Government in New York."

Readers of The New Republic are cordially invited to be present and participate in the sessions. The conference offers an excellent opportunity to combine a week-end of recreation and stimulating discussion. Further information regarding the conference may be obtained from the League for Industrial Democracy, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

New York City. HARRY W. LAIDLER.

Words across the Sea

SIR: I have read with pleasure Miss Benardete's letter in your issue of June 12, regarding British opinions as to the quality of English spoken and written in the United States. The important thing to note is that the dispute is not a genuine philological one, but, quite frequently, is symbolical. Sometimes it is merely an expression of anti-Americanism which, unable to declare itself directly, breaks out like a rash in unexpected places. Sometimes it is connected with the fact that America is a social democracy, in which those who determine (rather laxly) by their usage what is correct speech are a broad section of the community, whereas England still has a class-stratified and self-conscious society. It is not irrelevant to remark that certain members of His Majesty's present government drop their aitches as a matter of political principle—a thing not easily explicable in terms of American social life. It will be noted that the irresponsible reference to "semi-demi-English-speaking populations" applies with equal force to the Dominions. Bad cess, indeed, to the Little Englanders and *à bas l'aristocratisme*—which does *not* mean "down with aristocracy," in which I believe profoundly, but very differently (despite recent wisdom from Massachusetts), "let us thumb our noses at the snobs." Whether these merit a more dignified gesture of disapprobation depends on our sense of humor.

GEORGE E. G. CATLIN.

Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

SIR: That is a rather amusing controversy which several Britons are conducting with certain Americans as to whether we use correct English or speak and write English at all in this republic. There seems to be sufficient similarity in the English and "American" languages for the controversialists to understand each other. Since the "Americanisms" are usually derived from the same original tongue as the "Briticisms," it seems to be folly to argue as to which is "right." For instance, we call it "gasoline" and the British call it "petrol." Inasmuch as the Americans developed the petroleum industry first and were extensively using "gasoline" long before the British used "petrol," perhaps the Americans may have a right to call "gasoline" a word in the English language. Also, perhaps "moving picture" is as good English as "cinema."

Since Germans, Chinese and many other peoples have begun to communicate with the inhabitants of this republic in its language, it is entirely probable that the language of the future will take the North American form rather than that of the British Isles. It is nonsense to believe that the tendency will be for the languages to diverge, because this is an age of communication. The sheer weight of numbers in Canada and the United States will determine what is English, since a far larger proportion of Americans and Canadians attend high schools and colleges than of Britons. The British protagonists should realize that Canadians and Americans are fully as intelligent as Britons, and when two-thirds of the people who use a certain language decide to call it a "freight train" instead of a "goods train" they are "right"; and the first is correct English and the second a dialect.

WILLIAM MCALPINE.

Columbus, O.

Poverty Not Abolished

SIR: Mr. Hanna's statement that "poverty has all but been abolished" (in America) is as dumb as anything that has appeared in your columns since you closed your campaign for Al Smith. The least among your galaxy of editors should not have passed it. The statement would be optimistic if the word "destitution" had been substituted for "poverty." While a comparative term, "poverty" must have some absolute meaning to Mr. Hanna, and his inaccuracy is doubtless explained by his ignorance of group-income statistics of American families. Evidently New Republic editors ought also to look them up, too.

G. T. HILL, JR.

South Norwalk, Conn.

Mark Twain

SIR: I am writing a biography of my kinsman, Samuel L. Clemens. If any readers of The New Republic have letters or other information regarding Mark Twain, will they please communicate with me at Mayfield, California?

Mayfield, Cal. CYRIL CLEMENS.

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Vitalism in Education

The Aims of Education and Other Essays, by Alfred North Whitehead. New York: The Macmillan Company. 247 pages. $2.50.

IN THE almost hopeless jumble of volumes by "educationists," it is a relief to find a book with the grasp of fundamentals and the literary distinction of Professor Whitehead's "The Aims of Education." Although it covers the whole subject with an inclusive sweep, it deals primarily with the question of curriculum, what subjects should be taught, to whom, and in what order. Professor Whitehead is an admirer, but not in all things a follower, of the Bertrand Russells. If there is any one general solution for our academic ills, he believes it to lie in eradicating the fatal disconnection of subjects, which kills the vitality of our modern curriculum. If we are to give him a name, he might well be called a vitalist. His central contention is that there is only one subject-matter for education, and that is life in all its manifestations. To use the language of mathematics, to which he himself frequently reverts, learning is a function of living, and to raise it to its highest power is our problem. To do so we must make our subjects of study conform to the essential reality of a dynamic world, and the order of their presentation must conform to the phases in the learner's psychological development.

Students, Professor Whitehead slyly reminds us, are alive, and the purpose of education is to stimulate and guide their self-development. It follows as a corollary from this premise that the teachers also should be alive with living thoughts. The whole book is, therefore, on the one side, a protest against dead knowledge, against inert ideas; on the other, it is a protest against the harum-scarum methods in which courses are presented in the still too rigidly formalistic curriculum of today. We must integrate what is supposedly to be learned into the personality of the learner. Until this has been done, we have made no contribution to his real education.

The headings of the earlier chapters of the book indicate in a general way the method pursued, and run as follows: The Aims of Education, The Rhythm of Education, The Rhythmic Claims of Freedom and Discipline, Technical Education and Its Relation to Science and Literature, The Place of Classics in Education, The Mathematical Curriculum. Students of Professor Whitehead's work will recognize some of the ideas as having appeared in his previous volume, "The Organization of Thought" (1917), and they are based primarily upon conditions in Great Britain. Conditions there, however, are not essentially different from those in America. His criticism of this curriculum is directed against its failure to achieve any unified entity. We are offering children "algebra, from which nothing follows, geometry, from which nothing follows; a couple of languages, never mastered; and lastly, most dreary of all, literature, represented by plays of Shakespeare, with philological notes and short analyses of plot and character to be in substance committed to memory. Can such a list be said to represent Life, as it is known in the midst of the living of it?"

The cure for all this must lie in making the pupils feel that they are really studying something and mastering the processes of living and not merely executing "intellectual minuets." By inert ideas Professor Whitehead does not only or even necessarily mean the classics, though he has much to say about the present unsatisfactory method of teaching them. This may be summed up in his statement that probably no group of modern men are further removed from the fundamentally Greek ideal than professors of classics today, with their philological and archeological preoccupations. By inert ideas he means things like catalogues of kings and queens, dates and all that archeological and philological and scientific baggage which the overloaded adolescent mind is at present forced to lug up to the annual sessions of the college entrance examination boards. Professor Whitehead tells us that in his own work at universities he has been much struck by the paralysis of thought induced in pupils through the aimless accumulation of precise knowledge, inert and unutilized. This is precisely what Mark Hopkins had in mind years ago when he protested that it was the business of the professor to make something happen between the ears of the undergraduate.

The high-school or university teacher should not, therefore, offer himself as a well of facts from which the student can pump information. He will be much more successful if he exhibit himself "as an ignorant man, thinking, actively utilizing his small share of knowledge." Where the process of education is properly directed it will tend to give the pupil *power*, grasp upon life, past, present, and future, and a sense for *style*. Style, as he sees it, is the last acquisition of the educated mind. It is true not only of literary, but of technical education as well. The administrator who possesses it detests waste; the engineer economizes his materials; the artisan, as well as the literary man with a sense for it, prefers good work. Style, in Professor Whitehead's fine phrase, is the "ultimate morality of mind." It is the peculiar contribution of specialism to culture.

The chapters on The Rhythm of Education and The Rhythmic Claims of Freedom and Discipline are probably those which will arouse most discussion and, possibly, most opposition on the part of educational experts. We cannot here go into all the details. Professor Whitehead is there attempting to establish the order and method in which various subjects are to be taken up, recognizing that there exists in relation to each subject for the learner a stage of romance, a stage of precision and a stage of generalization. He combats the view that subjects must be studied in the order of their difficulty, and holds that the first intellectual task which confronts an infant is really one of the most difficult. He must acquire spoken language, learn the correlation of meanings with sounds. So, too, he holds that the hardest task in mathematics is the study of the elements of algebra, but that this stage must precede the comparative simplicity of the differential calculus. In the arrangement of Professor Whitehead's ideal curriculum, there are challenges to the expert on every page. We can here set forth merely the principle on which he proceeds. That principle itself will be generally recognized:

> . . . different subjects and modes of study should be undertaken by pupils at fitting times when they have reached the proper stage of mental development.

It is almost a corollary of Professor Whitehead's principle that there can be no absolute divorce between technical education and education in science and literature. This is really the subject of Chapter IV. He contrasts there the two schools of education, the old Platonic tradition revived in the Renaissance, which in its modern application is still likely to become over-literary, pedantic and bookish, and the Benedictine ideal as exemplified by

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those diligent monks who rejoiced in their labors because they conceived themselves as thereby made "fellow workers with Christ." Profitable living must be the aim of both. This cannot result either from a supposedly Platonic life of sheer contemplative withdrawal or from a humdrum existence of dull labor. It is implied that the Platonic training, to be effective, must result in some form of pleasurable activity in bestowing upon the student the mastery of some technique, and that the imagination of the technically trained man must have been somewhere so stimulated that his work will be play. To Professor Whitehead, it is not necessity that is the mother of invention, it is imaginative interest. Necessity is only "the mother of futile dodges." Any education, to be successful, must beget that imaginative interest which will make work pleasurable. Professor Whitehead is not content to leave all this as a dead letter in the form of dry precepts. His book is itself an illustration of what good teaching should be. It is vivid; it challenges and stimulates. If read with an open mind, it is fair to say that it will make something happen between the ears of even jaded professors.

CHRISTIAN GAUSS.

Pale Warriors

Pale Warriors, by David Hamilton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

THIS is a distinguished and rather unusual first novel. The "pale warriors"—Mr. Hamilton has borrowed the phrase from Keats's "La Belle Dame sans Merci"—are the admirers of a fascinating American lady who has broken away from her respectable family in Hartford, Connecticut, to lead a life of almost Renaissance unscrupulousness and splendor. The real theme of Mr. Hamilton's novel is the irreconcilable conflict between conventional morality and honor, on the one hand, and the appetite for beauty and glory, for the fullest enjoyment of life, on the other. Beatrice is a sort of symbolic figure: with all her absurdities and sins, she represents something which even the worst treated of her admirers are forced to recognize as in its way noble, as somehow divine—the will to enjoy, as it were, which is ready, in the last resort, to reject any obligation, almost commit any crime, rather than be broken or stifled. It makes no difference how much her behavior offends the beliefs and sensibilities of the conventional American men who have fallen in love with her, in the long run they always have to accept her, to continue to adore her. She is the embodiment of a power which stirs only faintly in themselves, but of whose claims, in spite of everything, they must confess the validity. Even when, in the astonishingly contrived finale, she runs away with the fiancé of her own daughter, the old family friend whom she has just jilted is content, for the mother's sake, to undertake the guardianship and support of the jilted daughter.

Yet Mr. Hamilton has, rather curiously, made of all this a comedy. The story is admirably dramatic, and the parable is put over with force; but we almost never share the emotions of the characters. There is more irony and less poetry in the book than at the beginning we tend to expect. Mr. Hamilton's comedy, up to a certain point, is excellent. He has a dexterity at contriving situations and a capacity for conducting scenes through dialogue which suggest that he might produce a successful comedy for the stage. And there is, of course, great effectiveness in a convention which, as in the Restoration comedies, keeps everything on the plane of the intellect, and never allows emotion to be taken seriously. Now Mr. Hamilton has been quite successful in maintaining some such convention; but his theme—the catastrophic action of an unbridled vitality and beauty upon men's habits and minds—seems to demand something more than this. We partly get it in one fine scene in which Beatrice talks about herself to Thaddeus, and ruthlessly sweeps down all the pretenses with which he has concealed to himself his motives in following her and lending himself to her devices. But there is something unsatisfactory about certain aspects of "Pale Warriors"; and the cause of the trouble seems plain.

Mr. Hamilton appears to have written his novel under the rather anachronistic influence of the earlier Henry James. One result of this is that the characters tend to talk a language which must have been impossible even at the time when James was first writing: "Your supposition is correct," Thaddeus, for example, will say to Beatrice. But what is more serious is the fact that Mr. Hamilton has taken over from James the typical hero of James's early novels. James's heroes were very conventional, very prudent and rather timorous young men who looked on with a curious mixture of admiration and dismay at the lively and picturesque goings on of persons more impassioned or energetic than themselves. James himself treated these heroes with a good deal of irony; but he was yet identified with them all too closely: there are moments in which we ask ourselves whether it is James's hero or James himself who has been stricken with emotional atrophy. There is irony, to be sure—there was a side of Henry James which was closely akin to Frank Stockton. But that is the side of him which is least reassuring. Frank Stockton is avowedly a humorist—he has deliberately, for purposes of humorous effect, eliminated from his characters everything but a self-preservative prudence and a prosaic common sense. But we expect from Henry James a more complete and serious account of human life—and a novel like "Confidence," for example, leaves us uneasy and discontented—are we supposed to take all these solemn futilities at their face value, or is it all a kind of joke? In either case, it is more or less of a monstrosity.

Now I suggest that Mr. Hamilton has gone astray in taking over James's impossible young men and introducing them into a contemporary novel. These characters represented, in their time, something which certainly existed in America—something which still to some extent exists. But surely not under quite the same guise and not to the same degree. The behavior of Philip, for example, on learning of Beatrice's appropriation of her husband's masterpiece is almost unimaginable. Philip and Thaddeus are an alien intrusion from the books of another novelist, and they are an element out of key with their surroundings.

This alien element affects the book considerably, because—again in the manner of James—we see the whole story through Thaddeus's eyes. But I do not believe that it represents anything characteristic of Mr. Hamilton, or anything to which he is likely to become addicted. Mr. Hamilton is a poet, and has, I should think, very little in common with this most unpoetic side of Henry James. Thaddeus himself may be a stuffed shirt; but the drama of which he is a witness is all sufficiently realistic, entertaining and alive. We may expect that in Mr. Hamilton's next novel he will have struck definitely his own peculiar blending of the comic and the poetic. "Pale Warriors" is clearly the creation of an original and attractive mind. If Mr. Hamilton will bring his artistic eye to a slightly sharper focus, he should give us brilliant work.

EDMUND WILSON.

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Dr. Eliot and Others

Charles W. Eliot's Talks to Parents and Young People, edited by Edward H. Cotton. Boston: The Beacon Press. 161 pages. $1.75.

Sex in Civilization, edited by V. F. Calverton and S. D. Schmalhausen. New York: The Macaulay Company. 719 pages. $5.

PERHAPS nothing more than a whim accounts for my reviewing these two books together. Certainly, they have nothing in common, save a share of subject. But it suits my habit of thought to make historical comparisons, to search for trends, transitions, and drifts. And Dr. Eliot's collected essays addressed to parents and young people suit my present purpose admirably.

Dr. Eliot's essays were written between the years 1907 and 1918, most of them before the War, and, in any case, are representative of advanced forms of thinking on the subjects of family relationships and youth in that innocent age before sex was spelled with a capital S. Dr. Eliot was alarmed over the "degeneracy" made manifest in the diminishing size of American families. He then wrote: "The preservation of any race depends upon its women preferring motherhood to any other pursuit." He begged the young men of his time to live a life of "disinterested affection." And the closing essay of this collection consists of an appeal for a socialized religion. He actually quotes Abou Ben Adhem. At a national conference of educators, recently held, a speaker quoted this same poem with derision and drew from his sophisticated audience a raucous laugh. As though loving one's fellow men bore any relationship to modern values!

Thus, my readers will see that I chose Dr. Eliot's essays in order to sharpen the contrast between the first and the third decades of the present century. "Sex in Civilization" is ultra-modern. It speaks out candidly concerning the subject about which taboos have clustered most tenaciously. When Dr. Eliot uses the term "sex" he refers to the biological difference between males and females. When the authors of "Sex in Civilization" use this same term, their object of reference is a modern psychic pattern of thought. They review the place of sex in history, religion, and social progress; the role of sex in psychology, jurisprudence, parenthood, the social struggle, education, and in poetry and fiction. In addition, there are five chapters on psychoanalysis and seven more on the so-called clinical aspects of sex. These collaborators have thus lifted the problem of sex from its individual context and have placed it upon the level of primary cultural data. One of the editors, Mr. Schmalhausen, has contributed one long chapter entitled "The Sexual Revolution," in which these words appear: "The old values are gone. Irrevocably. The new values are feverishly in the making. We live in a state of molten confusion. Instability rides modernity like a crazy sportsman. Civilization is caught in a cluster of contradictions that threaten to strangle it. Modern man is the victim of internal conflicts and external maladjustments that keep rocking his human nature to its psychoneurotic and psychotic depths." One need not concur in Mr. Schmalhausen's use of language to admit agreement with respect to his thesis. To read Dr. Eliot's essays and "Sex in Civilization" side by side is to corroborate the claim that a revolution with respect to the problem of sex has occurred.

Thirty-one individuals, not including Havelock Ellis, who writes the introduction, have contributed to this volume. Consequently, one need not anticipate evenness of performance, unity of outlook, or cohesion in treatment. But, unlike many composite works of this sort, these contributors have succeeded in sketching a theme which holds together. The present reviewer, frankly, expected to be bored in the reading of so many pages; in addition to the compulsion of jumping from author to author, subject to subject, and style to style, there seemed also the likelihood that one would be obliged to read a great deal which had already been assimilated. In spite of these misgivings and difficulties, this book actually serves as fascinating reading. Its chief contribution to the literature on sex consists, not of new statements or positions, but of wholesome clarification. In view of this needed service, one hesitates to dwell upon minor points demanding criticism.

EDUARD C. LINDEMAN.

The Mauve and Morbid Nineties

A Pot of Paint: The Artists of the 1890's, by John Rothstein. New York: Covici-Friede. 216 pages. $3.50.

TRULY there would seem to be no limit to the repetitions of the Muse Clio! Nor does the lady even vary her narrations with that inventive genius, with that groping for improvement, which mankind exacts of less privileged authors. Two generations after "Whistler *vs.* Ruskin," an American jury sitting in judgment on the authenticity of a picture attributed to Leonardo strikes us as a wretched *rifacimento,* an infinitely feebler plagiary of a hoary masterpiece, requiring, indeed, no expert to point out the inferiority in style, treatment, detail, touch. The protagonists, the issue, the battle itself—what a come-down have we here! Whistler into Duveen—the Butterfly into the Baronet—not even Circe could have effected a more startling metamorphosis.

And, indeed, the ever-growing fascination felt by the younger generation for the Victorian era which we were taught to curl our lip at is a disquieting symptom, not unakin to the charm which Watteau and Marie Antoinette, patches and powder, exerted on those delightful people who invented the first railways, wore bustles and discovered man's relationship to the simian race. We no longer wade into the past, we revel in it, and all our todays are spent *à la recherche du temps perdu.* A bad sign, my friends.

It is very hard today for us to distinguish what was good and what was bad in the century that is gone. We laugh at Bouguereau—but Bouguereau was the master of Matisse. Whistler did not derive directly from Velasquez; but it is too soon for us to see how much he may have owed to Frith or Landseer. For this reason it is very dangerous, and perhaps not very useful, to isolate a group of artists from their past and study them as though they had fallen from heaven. That is the usual procedure; and we are very grateful to Mr. John Rothstein (a son of the great William, who is allotted a chapter in this volume) for not having done so. He has been at some pains to examine the genesis and ontology of the movement; and his results are suggestive and often important. Some of his ideologies are as old, however, as his subject-matter; thus the statement that "style is becoming more important than subject" seems meaningless unless based on an esthetic which one had hoped to hear from no more.

The book contains much new material and many very entertaining anecdotes. The chapter on Whistler is excellent; that on Beardsley perhaps not quite adequate. Poor Max Beerbohm must be rather surprised to see him-

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self finished off so cavalierly in a few strokes of the pen. But that, after all, is what he has done to so many others himself. . . .

HENRY FURST.

A Minor Ecstatic

The Intimate Journal of George Sand. Edited and translated by Marie Jenney Howe. New York: The John Day Company. 198 pages. $3.50.

"I HAVE met several men who might be called minor ecstatics," writes George Sand in her Intimate Journal, "but Mickiewicz is the only great ecstatic I have known." The distinction here drawn between major and minor ecstasy bears further elucidation. It is not primarily a question of the degree of feeling, for on this point modern psychology is completely amoral, allowing the same intensity of emotion to a chamber-maid or saint, without respect to the end product. What is specifically needed for the major ecstatic is the ability to transmute the intensity of feeling into a separate reality, to create something that has transcended the moment of agitation.

In this ability George Sand was deficient. There is too much agitation in her work; she herself belongs in the class of minor ecstatics. Her writing was as much an outlet for her irrepressible energy, as the product of any specific literary gift. Her mysticism was a necessary escape from the almost intolerable versatility of her own temperament, rather than the result of any profound religious preoccupation. Her ideas were often only the expression of a general instinct for revolt. Almost in dismay at the surge of life within her, she cries out, "I cannot stop myself." It was natural, therefore, that in an age which did not offer any other career for her terrific energy, she should make love her vocation. It was natural, too, that in the one great crisis of her love life, she should turn to the diary as the true art form of the minor ecstatic. The three new documents now made available for English readers include the intimate journal recording the last stages of her affair with Alfred de Musset; daily conversations with an imaginary *alter ego*, the learned Dr. Piffoel, and a miscellaneous scrapbook entitled "Sketches and Hints," all three covering a period that falls mainly between the years 1834 and 1841. While the internal evidence contained in the "Intimate Journal" does not clear up the confused matter of the Sand-Musset-Pagello affair, and while there is practically no reference to Chopin and the litigation with Casimir Dudevant in the rest of the material, these three documents are likely to enjoy a more permanent fame than some of her novels. Though their intrinsic literary value is slight, as a clinical study of the romantic temperament they are invaluable.

It is a peculiarity of the romantic temperament that it attempts to make experience approximate art. The romantic, lacking the capacity to assimilate any experience which is inartistic, must hold on to his past and worry and harry it into some sort of esthetic pattern. Time and again George Sand betrays this tendency, this inability to coördinate the loose ends of experience into some reality within herself. Certainly the ease with which she forgot Musset a few months after their definitive break would seem to indicate that her feeling for him was already moribund, even while she penned the most passionate and desperate parts of her journal. The simple truth was that she could not bear to contemplate the fact that their affair had terminated inartistically, with a feeling of bitterness on Alfred's part. "When two people have loved," she writes, "it is frightful not to remain friends." And again when she feels that she cannot figure it all out, she exclaims, "Nothing . . . that is the most frightful thing in the world." And to Buloz she hysterically confides her fixed idea, which is to win back Alfred's friendship and respect. "I am willing to let it take a lifetime. It is the one hope that sustains me, the one idea that has succeeded in getting into this poor head." And to Alfred she writes, in a last attempt to eat her cake and have it, "In renouncing a bond which has become impossible, we must keep the sense of being related throughout all eternity."

Certainly, in another person, this romantic unwillingness to part with any past experience, this tendency to carry one's history consciously along all the time, would have led to neurosis, to a blocking at some point of the ability to continue with new experiences. With George Sand it was otherwise. Her flexibility, her tremendous appetite for life, saved her. In the end one is moved only to admire the success with which she had lived, who could write: "And now I am very old, gently traversing my sixty-fifth year. By some freak of destiny I am stronger and more active than I was in my youth. I can walk farther. I can stay awake longer. My body has remained supple as a glove." And who adds, modestly, "I have acquired considerable wisdom, without knowing where it came from. I could bring up children much better than I once could."

GERTRUDE DIAMANT.

Would-be Presidents

As God Made Them, by Gamaliel Bradford. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 295 pages. $3.50.

FOUR of these seven Americans desperately wanted to be President, and failed. . . . What else did they want? What kind of men were these political heroes, Webster, Clay, Calhoun, after you get beyond the frock coat, the magnetic eye, the Latin quotation, the spell-bound multitude, the self-conscious death-bed? Mr. Bradford isn't quite sure. One looks to him to determine what is most real in them, beyond the inordinate practice of the vice of oratory and the deathless hope of being voted for. What he does, however, is to add and subtract, bestow and withdraw again, leaving, in the case of these three men, a net result of appalling tenuity. After recklessly attributing to Webster the "fire and insight of genius," Mr. Bradford confesses that Webster's hundreds of letters are "pitifully barren," revelatory of practically nothing at all. The biographer contrives meaningless comparisons with Milton, Demosthenes, Napoleon, yet denies to Webster intellect, knowledge, emotional capacity. Such a sentence as "the qualities of Shakespeare and the great English poets and prose-writers are not very evident in him" (referring to Webster) is of course sheer word-wasting and is less damaging to Webster than to his biographer. To say of Webster: "It does not appear that he did much scientific reading or thinking, though he liked to hold forth on such subjects," would almost dispose of Webster altogether if one didn't distrust the looseness of the statement.

Much the same process is repeated with Clay and Calhoun. With the very human Greeley one enters a different world. But with Greeley the biographer is obviously not too sympathetic. Booth, clearly an elusive subject, appears as a r ·tic, gentlemanly shadow. Mr. Bradford is on firmer ground when he comes to Francis James Child,

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whom he nevertheless insists on sentimentalizing. Still, Professor Child emerges as a delightful no less than an important figure, and a credit to the country whose hero-producing capacity one couldn't help feeling rather worried about, during the first three-quarters of the book. And finally, there is the pleasant story of the amiable and reasonable Dr. Asa Gray, whose "Manual," when botany was the polite science, occupied, as Mr. Bradford justly intimates, no less secure a domestic position than the cook-book itself. O. H. D.

Notes on Novels

The Edge of the Nest, by Philip Stevenson. New York: Coward-McCann. $2.50.

PHILIP STEVENSON'S first novel is a study of adolescence. Part I introduces Muggsy Stone, Part II presents his brother Tony, while in Part III appears Milly, a sister. Thus, by shifting the point of view from one protagonist to another, the author robs his work of the integration and cumulative effect for which the reader feels he is striving. The fact that the children are members of the same family is too tenuous a thread to hold the narrative together. With a sympathetic understanding of youth the writer presents these three children at critical periods in their lives when they feel the need psychologically to try their wings and make their own way toward maturity. The book is written with unquestionable sincerity and with a comprehension of the humor and pathos which make up a child's day. When Mr. Stevenson becomes better acquainted with the medium of the novel, he will probably make a more significant contribution to current literature. T. F., JR.

Wolf Solent, by John Cowper Powys. New York: Simon and Schuster. Two vols. $5.

I DON'T care whether I make money. I don't care whether I get fame. I don't care whether I leave any work behind me when I die. All I want is certain sensations!" With this clear plan in mind Wolf Solent leaves London and sets out for Dorsetshire to act as secretary for Squire Urquhart and write out a chronicle of all the libidinous secrets and racy gossip of this ancient English village. He does finish the chronicle. That is the one decision in the book and in Solent's blurred, nympholeptic meanderings. True, he does get married, but just as he also gets cuckolded, and does nothing about it, this, too, seems a passive gesture which has no real connection with anything outside of himself. Wolf's whole life is unconnected; and as he never recognizes situations, never sees them, there are no events for him, and therefore no real connection with people or objects. This is the failure of Wolf Solent and is also the failure of the book. Without events thrown out in sharp relief there can be no movement and consequently no novel. But Wolf's "mythology"—this he chooses to call it—a kind of Hindu-like absorption into vegetation, rain, seasonal rhythms, bric-a-brac, people, forbids action. When all those things which we believe have a separate existence are merely an aspect of one's interior continuance, what need is there for action?

Mr. Powys, no doubt, had some clear, articulate ideas about the novel, which never seem to become fluid and run into anecdote. The chapter titles themselves indicate this; they are excellent concepts which show plan and structure; but there is no ensuing narrative. There is never any story. Instead of tabulating and allowing the conflict to arise out of the record, he imposes the conflict upon us. The book does not carry belief. Dorsetshire is an abstraction, a pen-and-ink study at best. It is also a part of Wolf Solent's cerebral excursions. And the prose, one feels, is over-cluttered with analogies. E. D.

The Pathway, by Henry Williamson. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

UNHAPPY conditions in England are reflected in this bad novel, which has been praised by Messrs. Galsworthy, Bennett, de la Mare and others. Into a tale which covers one year of middle-class family life on the coast of Devon, Mr. Williamson has tossed about everything he could lay his hands on. His hero's past, including a Military Cross won in the War and then the discombobulating love of a married woman and strong drink, fills many of these four hundred closely printed pages. As might have been expected, much space is filled with voluminous and minute descriptions of birds, fishes, insects, animals, flowers, stars and so forth. Then there are cross-currents of sentimental pantheism and meddlesome pragmatism. Shelley and Francis Thompson, not a little of Swinburne and still more of Lenin and Christ, besides the poor condition of English coal miners and the unemployment problem in general, have found their way into "The Pathway." Without apparent plan Mr. Williamson has scribbled his way discursively to the suicide which caps his story. He asks you to listen to long passages of unendingly dull dialogue between Devonshire farmers. He asks you to swallow undigested gobs of sentimentality. " 'Dear tree,' he thought with a sudden and tranquil sadness, 'We shall never see each other again. . . .' " It is admittedly just a stray tree that the hero has run across, but "he put his arms around the trunk and, pressing his cheek on the hard ridges of the bark, felt the presence of a gentle spirit within the sappy bole." The love element consists of the wooing by this idealogue of the pure, sweet daughter of a conventional English mamma. There are some fine passages in which the Devonshire landscape is painted; if you want to find them, here is your "long, long trail a-winding." C. A. C.

A Correction

In Mr. Maynard Shipley's review of Hingston's "Problems of Instinct and Intelligence," which appeared in The New Republic for May 29, on page 53, line 10, "instincts" should read "insects."

Contributors

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HENRY FURST has translated from the Italian "As They Seem to Me," by Igo Ojetti.

GERTRUDE DIAMANT was a contributor to the last "American Caravan" and is the author of a novel, "Labyrinth."

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